The DORCHESTER BOOK

ILLUSTRATED

RESERVED

MEETING-HOUSE HILL, 1847

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CONTENTS.

DOCHESTER'S PRINCIPIA.

AS time goes on, and the long-honored name of Dorchester becomes more and more merged into the less distinguished epithet of "Wards 16, 20 and 24," it is well to pause for a moment and look backward, to recall the distinct individuality which raised the town to the proud position it held before the voracious municipality claimed it as a part of Greater Boston. The rapid growth of Dorchester has filled its limits with a new people, who have played, and are playing, their part well in the more recent development, but who have naturally been but slightly acquainted with the individual characteristics which not only made the town famous, but even extended its influence throughout the country. In establishing the first town government, and in founding the first free public school, supported by a direct tax upon the people, Dorchester earned its right to pre-eminence among the early settlements.

We all remember the devout Christian who called attention to the divine foresight in providing that the greatest harbors and the largest rivers should be located near the most prominent cities. It was a lack of this foresight on the mortal side which prevented Dorchester from being the metropolis and Boston the suburb; for Dorchester Bay proved inadequate to the commercial requirements of the early settlers, and a month after the landing a portion of the pioneers established themselves at Shawmut, as Boston was first called. Thus Dorchester, although the first settlement in what is now Suffolk County and the largest town in New England, contributed to the Shawmut settlement the nucleus from which grew the city which finally swallowed it up. In 1666 the town included all the territory of the present towns of Milton, Dedham, Dorchester Heights, Washington Village, Hyde Park, Canton, Stoughton, Sharon, Foxboro, and a part of Wrentham — a site thirty-five miles long, and running to within one hundred and sixty rods of the Rhode Island line.

It is a severe portrait which the first two years of the colony present to us. The New England of two hundred and seventy years ago did not offer a kindly settlement to the brave emigrants who sought to break into its austerity. The ground had to be cleared before even the rude huts could be erected, the trees felled before a space could be found to plant the seeds necessary to prevent starvation. On the coast the settlers found nothing to break their desolation. Wet meadows and oozy creeks prevented them from going in one direction, while unfordable tide-water rivers interfered with their progress in another. Utterly ignorant of the character of the country, it is not strange that imagination added to the real terrors which surrounded them, and made them feel that safety was nowhere to be found. Added to this was the terror of rattlesnakes, with which the country swarmed, and of dangerous animals that prowled about by night. The Indians, too, whose disposition toward the white men was entirely unknown, were a source of anxiety night and day.

Fortunately, we have had preserved to us a record of some of these trying days, and to read Captain Clap's "Memoirs" is to realize most fully the cause of Dorchester's prominence. "Pietate, literis, industria," the motto now found upon the town seal, truly expresses the dominant virtues of those early settlers.

Captain Clap writes: "Oh ye Hunger that many suffered, and saw no hope in an Eye of Reason to be supplyed, only by Clams, & Muscles, and Fish; and *Bread* was so very Scarce, that sometimes ye very crusts of my Father's Table would have been very Sweet unto me: And when I could have *Meal* & *Water* & *Salt*, boiled together, it was so good, who could wish better? And it was not accounted a strange thing in those Days to Drink water, and to eat *Samp* or *Homine* without Butter or Milk. Indeed it would have been a strange thing to see a piece of Roast Beef, Mutton or Veal; tho' it was not long before there was roast *Goat*." *

Again Captain Clap says: "And in those days, in our Straits, though I cannot say God sent a *Raven* to feed us, as He did the Prophet *Elijah*, yet this I can say to the Praise of God's Glory, that He sent not only poor, *ravenous Indians*, which came with their Baskets of Corn, on their Backs to trade with us, which was a good Supply unto many; but also sent *Ships* from *Holland* and from *Ireland* with Provisions, and Indian Corn from *Virginia*, to supply the Wants of his dear Servants in this Wilderness, both for Food and Rayment." †

It would not have been remarkable if these unexpected privations had made some of the colonists wonder if they had improved their lot; but Captain Clap again writes: "I do not remember that ever I did wish in my Heart that I had not come into this Country, or wish myself back again to my Father's House: Yea I was so far from that, that I wished and advised some of my dear Brethren to come hither also; which accordingly *one* of my Brothers and those two that married my *two* Sisters, sold their Means and came thither." ‡

In spite of this suffering the minds of the early fathers were ever turned from the physical to the intellectual and the spiritual necessities. So it was that during the third year of the colony the need of municipal organization became apparent, and the first special town government in New England was established. This important order is dated Oct. 8, 1633, and reads as follows:—

"*Imprimis* it is ordered that, For the generall good and well ordering of the affayres of the Plantation their shall be every Mooneday before the Court by eight of the Clocke in the morning, and p^esently upon the beating of the drum, a generall meeting of the inhabitants of the Plantation att the meeteing-house, there to settle (and sett downe) such orders as may tend to the generall good as aforesayd: and every man to be bound thereby without gaynesaying or resistance. It is also agreed that there shall be twelve men selected out of the Company that may or the greatest p't of them meete as aforesayd to determine as aforesayd, yet so as is desired that the most of the Plantation will keepe the meeteing constantly and all that are there although none of the Twelve shall have a free voyce, as any of the 12 and that the greate[r] vote both of the 12 and the other shall be of force and efficasy as aforesayd. And it is likewise ordered that all things concluded as aforesayd shall stand in force and be obeyed untill the next monethly meeteing, and afterwardes if it be not contradicted and other wise ordered upon the sayd monethly meete[ing] by the greatest p'te of those that are p^esent as aforesayd." §

It is not definitely known by what method the lands were distributed among the first settlers of the town, but it is probable that the private means and the size of the families

* Blake's Annals of the Town of Dorchester, p. 11 (1846).
† Memoirs of Captain Roger Clap, p. 30 (1846).
‡ Ibid., p. 20 (1846).
§ Dorchester Town Records, p. 3 (1879).

TAYLOR HOUSE

APPLETON HOUSE

OLD TOWN HALL

LITTLE HOUSE

BOARDMAN HOMESTEAD

were taken into consideration. Several of the largest land-holders were those who held stock in England under the patent. Each stockholder to the amount of £50 was entitled to an immediate dividend of two hundred acres, a "home lot" in America, and fifty acres for each member of his family. Those who did not possess stock could claim fifty acres for the head of the family, and as much more as the governor and council might award. Fifty acres were to be given to the master for every servant transported to this colony.

Before sailing for America, the colonists had determined that for purposes of mutual protection they must build closely together; and this decision was wisely adhered to. A certain amount of territory was laid out into four, six, and eight acre house lots; and larger grants were made elsewhere for farming purposes. This arrangement kept the inhabitants closely together, and gave a road around several comparatively small pieces of land. Care was taken to keep the right of way to the sea and to the marshes, so that hay could be easily obtained.

When the government was fairly established, the next thought was for the school. With the present wonderful educational system, it is hard to realize that there was a time when the free * public school was unknown, and harder still to realize that this thought should have emanated from those whom we are accustomed to regard as the representatives of bigotry and narrowness. The record of this has now become history, and is of especial interest.

Thompson's Island, still known by the same appellation, was granted to Dorchester by the General Court in 1635; and four years later the town voted to lay a tax of £20 upon the proprietors of this island "for the maintenance of a school in Dorchester." Those who paid rent numbered one hundred and twenty persons, including the principal part of the adult male population. This, as far as can be ascertained, was the first public provision made for a free school in America, by a direct tax, or assessment, on the inhabitants of the town. The law itself is found in the Dorchester Town Records, under the date of May 20, (O. S.) 1639:—

"There shalbe a rent of 20^{ls} yeerely foreu^{r} imposed vpon Tomsons Iland to bee payd p eūy p'son that hath p'prtie in the said Iland according to the p'portion that any such p'son shall frō tyme to tyme inioy and posesse there, and this towards the mayntenance of a schoole in Dorchest^{r} this rent of 20^{ls} yeerly to bee payd to such a schoolemaster as shall undertake to teach english latin and othe^{r} tongues, and also writing the sayd schoolmaste to bee chosen frō tyme to tyme by the freemen and that is left to the discretion of elders and the 7 men for the tyme beeing whether maydes shalbe taught with the boyes or not. For the levying this 20^{ls} yeerely frō the p'ticuler p'sons that ought to pay that according to this order. It is farther ordered that somme man shalbe apoynted by the 7 men for the tyme beeing to Receiue that and refusall to levye that by distresse, and not fynding distresse such p'son as so refuseth payment shall forfeit the land he hath in p'prietie in the sayd Island."

The first school-house was situated on what has been known as "Settlers' Street," near the corner of the present Pleasant and Cottage Streets, and consisted of a single room formed by four walls poorly constructed, and a roof which barely did its duty. It

* The use of the word "free" as applied to the first public school is apt to be misleading. "A free school" in the early days was not an institution in which the pupils were exempted from paying tuition, but one which was free to all classes.

was natural that controversy should have arisen as to the fitness of the building; but it was used until 1694, when steps were taken to provide more suitable accommodations. A contract was made with one John Trescot to build a house twenty feet long and nineteen feet wide, with a ground floor and a chamber above, a flight of stairs and a chimney. The contract required the building to be boarded and clapboarded; to be filled up between the studs; to be fully covered with boards and shingles; and to be completed before Sept. 29, 1694. As a recompense for his work, Trescot was to receive the glass, lock and key, hooks and hinges of the old school-house, and £22 in current New England money.

The early settlers took great personal interest and pride in their schools, and gave liberally to its support. The earliest gift was a legacy from John Clap in 1655. This land, situated at South Boston Point, was sold in 1835 for $13,590.62.* Another bequest, made by Christopher Gibson in 1674, now amounts to more than twenty thousand dollars, yielding a yearly income of $1,400; and much of the land is still held in trust for the benefit of the schools. The sum of £150 which Lieutenant Governor Stoughton contributed toward the support of the schoolmaster has now grown to be more than five thousand dollars. John Gornel, Hopestill Foster, and Governor James Bowdoin also contributed to the support of the school.

A comparison of the religious history of the early settlers of Massachusetts with their civil records shows that the two are almost identical. The church was the corner-stone of the community, and in it all other interests centred. The first act of the Dorchester company about to set sail on the "Mary and John" from Old Plymouth had been to associate themselves into church fellowship; and the prominent place given to religion at this early date is long manifested in the lives of the people.

For several years after the settlement of the Plantation the business affairs appear to have been largely in the hands of the ministers and two deacons of the church, who, together, made all deeds of land. The church decreed it unlawful to build a house more than half a mile from the "meeting-house." It regulated the style of dress; it examined into and restricted even the private life of the people; in short, as a writer has said, "the church was the government, and religion was the law." This authority which the church assumed was democratic rather than ecclesiastical. The people were free and independent, and they voluntarily placed the church in command because they believed that religion was the chief concern of life.

The first meeting-house was built in 1631, and was situated near the corner of Pleasant and East Cottage Streets, on Allen's Plain, at the north end of the town. It was a low building, consisting of one story about twelve feet in height, and was constructed of logs and thatch. Palisadoes surrounded it, and military stores were deposited in it. Guns were mounted on the roof, and a sentinel kept on guard, so that it served as a place of refuge and defence against the Indians. The first day of the week the colony held its meetings as a church, and the second day of the week as a town. The inhabitants conveyed thither their plate and most valuable articles every evening, to be preserved with safety.

The church life of those early days and even well into the present century was in distinct contrast with the modern comforts of Sunday worship. In the early colonial

* Suffolk Deeds, lib. 39a, fol. 170.

GOVT GARDNER HOUSE (JAIL)

BERNARD CAPEN HOUSE. *Oldest Colonial house of repute in N.E.*

PRESENT BLAKE HOUSE

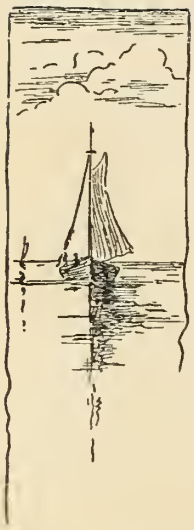
FIRST OLD BLAKE HOUSE

days, for instance, the churches had no stoves; and the pious worshippers were compelled to sit through these long services with nothing more comfortable than foot-warmers, which were brought from home. In the First Parish as late as 1820 these foot-warmers were given into the charge of "Uncle Daniel" Davenport, the sexton. It was a familiar sight for many years to see Uncle Daniel and his son enter the church on Sunday mornings and distribute the foot-warmers in the various pews. Judge Sewall records in his diary instances when the congregation must have suffered greatly from the frigid atmosphere. "The communion-bread was frozen pretty hard," he says, "and rattled sadly into the plates." Again he writes: "Extraordinary cold storm of wind and snow. Bread frozen at the Lord's table, yet was very comfortable at meeting." He refers to an exceedingly cold Sunday, when there was "great coughing" in meeting, in spite of which a new-born baby was brought into the icy church to be baptized,—it being the custom to carry the children to the meeting-house for baptism the first Sunday after they were born. He also alludes to the baptism of his own fourteen children, not one of whom cried out even in the coldest weather, being "true examples of Puritan fortitude."

In the space at the disposal of the writer, it has been impossible to give more than the barest outlines of the fortitude, the foresight, and the strength of character which the founders of the town possessed. Their determination to establish the settlement upon a foundation of rock bore its fruit throughout succeeding centuries, and the part played by their descendants has ever been a creditable one. Foremost in establishing their town government, in anticipation of the other settlements in providing for the educational needs of their children, and steadfast always in their loyalty to the church, the early fathers bequeathed the same characteristics to their successors; and we find these in evidence throughout the history of the town. We can but briefly touch on the early colonial struggles of the first settlers. We cannot follow their descendants as they assisted in throwing off the yoke of oppression, and enjoyed the sweets of liberty. We cannot touch on the creditable position taken by the town in the War of the Rebellion. We can only glance in on our ancestors, in their primitive school and meeting-house: we cannot examine into the gradual changes which have given their children more enlightenment and greater opportunities, nor study the history and the romance which have become associated with the ancient structures which served as landmarks for so many years; and, finally, we cannot study the more recent events which would show us the town as it exists to-day. But perhaps from what has been recorded the great lesson of the past may be learned and appreciated, inspiring the present inhabitants to be even better citizens because of the principles of which they stand as representatives.

William Dana Orcutt.

AROUND DORCHESTER BAY.



It was a picturesque scene that the eyes of the first Dorchestrians rested upon when their little vessel dropped anchor at the mouth of the Neponset River in 1630. Could these early settlers return to earth in this latter part of the nineteenth century, it is doubtful if they would recognize the shores to which civilization has brought such marked changes.

It is equally difficult for us, to whom these changes have come so gradually, to imagine the graceful lines of these primeval shores before railroads and highways had been built to mar the picturesque effect. Then the winding Neponset could be followed uninterrupted by bridges to the foot of the Blue Hills, its banks being inhabited by a tribe of Indians from whom the river takes its name. Savin Hill must have stood out like a bold, dark promontory surrounded by marshes, reaching well into the centre of the present populated district. Squantum, across the bay, also stood out in bold relief, the dark foliage of the savin-trees and cedars making a strong contrast to the delicate greens of the surrounding marshes. But to-day how changed all these features appear! The curving outlines are marred or destroyed. Here a bridge, a roadway, or a wharf, there a row of bath-houses, a gas plant, and a pumping-station. All of these are necessities to the growing population, but from an artistic standpoint must be deplored.

On entering Dorchester Bay from Boston Harbor, one leaves Thompson's Island on the left. This beautiful spot, here and there adorned by a clump of trees, is used as a farm school for orphan lads. On rounding the island, we next see Squantum Head, on the extreme end of which we discover the profile known as the Squaw's Head. There is a legend about a beautiful Indian woman who, being disappointed in love, sprang from this rock into the sea. Such legends, however, abound among the ancient haunts of the red men, frequently with little of truth on which to base them. Near this rock a tower of stone has recently been reared by the Daughters of the Revolution to commemorate the landing of Myles Standish, which was supposed to have been on this headland. It was here that "Billy" Read kept his tavern, known as the Old Squantum House, where famous fish dinners were served some thirty years ago. Recently this idea has been revived by the building of Squantum Inn, which is drawing a goodly number of guests during the summer months.

For many years two great industries occupied Commercial Point, which, located as it was near the deep channel of the Neponset River, offered unusual opportunities for shipping. Dearborn's Iron Foundry turned out shafts for the largest steamboats, and wrought other heavy iron-work, which was shipped to various points along the coast. Preston's chocolate factory occupied the other side of this point, and was for years the leading manufactory of its kind in the State.

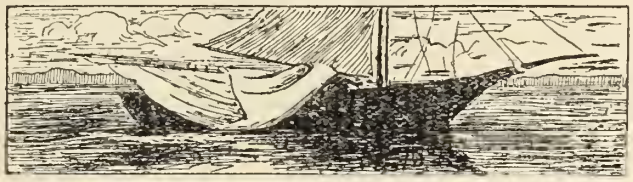
Scenes around Dorchester Bay.

Dorchester was one of the first ports on the coast to recognize yachting as a sport; and as early as 1865 there were three pleasure yachts anchored off Harrison Square, owned respectively by Henry Hilt, Rufus Gibbs, and Skipper Innes. These were followed soon after by more pretentious craft, among them the sloop "Scud," which a few years later was lost off Minot's Light, the owner and two friends losing their lives. In 1866 the Dorchester Yacht Club was formed by leading citizens; and among its founders were the well-remembered names of Freeman, Boynton, Davenport, Drake, Barnard, Weston, and many others. How this yacht club moved into Boston and changed its name to Massachusetts, and later amalgamated with the Hull Club, is too recent history to be more than mentioned here. The old name was immediately taken by a new organization, many of the older members joining the new club with the old name rather than give up the club-house they had used so long.

To-day this little bay is crowded with pleasure boats of all kinds, and yacht clubs have sprung up in every locality; but few of the old-timers are left who remember the infancy of a sport which has now become a national one. Once in about ten years the entire bay is frozen into a solid mass of ice, the most remarkable year in the remembrance of the present generation being 1875. On the 22d of February in that year hundreds of sleighs and thousands of pedestrians and skaters crossed from South Boston to Squantum. Ice-boat races were inaugurated, and the scene appeared more like a great lake than an arm of the ocean.

Cow Pasture, or Calf Pasture, as it was sometimes called, and Belzer's Marshes were formerly famous gunning grounds, marsh birds stopping there in their annual flights, while ducks of all kinds were shot each fall in various parts of the bay. In the early days fishing was carried on extensively from these shores, cod and mackerel being caught within easy sailing distance, and even as late as 1850 bluefish were abundant at the mouth of the Neponset River. Now, with the exception of the smelts, which are much sought for by pleasure fishermen, there are no fish in the bay, and the Friday dinners of the good people of Dorchester have to be brought from far-off waters.

W. B. E.



THE ENGLISH DORCHESTER.

AMONG the good people who made the first settlement in what is now Suffolk County "were some of Dorset Shire and some of ye Town of Dorchester." What more natural than that they should select for their new home in this New World a name which had been so dear to them beyond the seas, and which was still the home of the beloved John White,— the name Dorchester?

Old English Dorchester, which was thus honored, is the county town of Dorsetshire, one of the southernmost counties of England, bordering on the English Channel. It is a place of great antiquity, so old, indeed, that its earliest history still affords abundant scope for speculation on the part of the archæologist.

Without entering into antiquarian research, we may safely conclude from the extensive fortified works in the neighborhood, the quantity of Celtic and Roman remains constantly being unearthed, and the numberless burial-mounds scattered over the surrounding hills and downs, that the district was an important centre of population as far back as the beginning of the Christian era, and probably at an even earlier period.

Our first real glimpse of authentic history comes with the Roman invasion, somewhere about the year 50 B.C., when Vespasian, having overcome the determined resistance of the sturdy Durotrieges, who inhabited the region, established here on the site of the present Dorchester a strong military station, which was named Durnovaria.

The Roman town was encompassed by a wall twelve feet high and twelve feet thick, enclosing an area of eighty acres, about twice the extent of Boston Common. A small fragment of this wall still remains; but the larger part of it was levelled early in the present century, and in its place were built broad walks, shaded with magnificent elms, sycamores, and chestnuts.

The Roman occupation lasted about four hundred years. Abundant evidences of it are found in the tessellated pavements, coins, statuettes, and other relics frequently dug up. The most impressive memorial of the Roman occupation, however, is the great amphitheatre situated hardly a stone's throw from the town, and locally known as the Maumbury Rings. This amphitheatre is the finest of its kind in England, and probably dates from the time of Agricola. It consists of a gigantic oval, one hundred and forty feet in diameter the shortest way, and two hundred and twenty feet the longest inside measurement, surrounded by a grass-covered mound some thirty feet in height and ten feet wide at the top. Standing on this velvety parapet, the visitor of to-day can dimly trace the outlines of the tiers of seats rising gradually one above another, and capable of seating thirteen thousand spectators. He can also discern the probable location of the *caveæ*, or vaults, for the gladiators and wild beasts. Standing there, it is not difficult to repeople in imagination this now deserted enclosure, and to recall the tragic scenes which these grass-grown slopes must have witnessed, not only in the splendid Roman days, but in comparatively modern times, when thousands have looked down from this vantage-ground upon sights scarcely less revolting. In the arena for many years stood the gallows, and in this place men and women have been strangled and burnt.

CHURCH

Dorchester. England.

AVENUE ENTRANCE

HIGH WEST STREET

HANGMAN'S COTTAGE

During the constant warfare of the Saxon-Danish period, Dorchester met with disasters both frequent and terrible; and in 1003 it was besieged, burnt, and almost completely destroyed by Sweyn, King of Denmark.

Its mediæval history is of little interest. For several centuries after the Roman conquest we hear little of the town, except that it continued to be a place of considerable importance, and a favorite hunting-ground for many of the Norman kings.

During the reign of Elizabeth many Papists suffered martyrdom here, the persecution lasting for more than fifty years.

The plague, visiting Dorchester in 1595, spread death and desolation among the people, and carried off so many that there were not left alive sufficient to bury the dead. As if to prove that misfortunes never come singly, before the town had fully recovered from this affliction, a great fire destroyed the churches of Holy Trinity and All Saints, together with nearly two hundred houses. Since that time three other conflagrations have worked havoc in the place.

During the Civil Wars, Dorchester was loyal to the Parliament, and was strongly fortified. The town was, however, finally surrendered to the Earl of Carnarvon, who led the king's troops. It was then dismantled of its defences, and occupied in turn by Roundheads and Cavaliers; but until the close of the conflict it remained a hot-bed of rebellion and a stanch adherent to the cause of Cromwell.

One of the most revolting incidents in the history of Dorchester was the horrible butchery of which it was the witness during the "Bloody Assize" held here by the infamous Judge Jeffreys on the unhappy people implicated in the Monmouth Rebellion. Macaulay tells us that "the court was hung . . . with scarlet, and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumored that, when the clergyman, who had preached the Assize sermon, enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the judge was disturbed by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow. More than three hundred prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy, but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons who put themselves on their country, and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorsetshire was seventy-four." The judge's chair is to be seen in the Town Hall to this day. His lodging still stands in High West Street.

The later history of Dorchester has not been especially eventful; and, with this brief review of the past, let us glance for a moment at the Dorchester of to-day.

A stranger visiting the town for the first time is impressed by three things,— its picturesque situation, its cleanliness, and its air of prosperity. Pleasantly located on rising ground, the town is bordered on the north by a branch of the river Frome, and on the other three sides by the beautiful shaded avenues, or "walks," already referred to,— a feature which no other town in England possesses to an equal extent. The trees are planted quite closely together, and have now attained such great size that their branches, interlacing overhead, form a perfect canopy, through which the midsummer sun can scarcely penetrate. Comfortable seats are provided at intervals, and on summer afternoons and evenings the walks are a favorite promenade for the townspeople. These, however, are not the only places provided for out-of-doors recreation.

The Dorchester Borough Gardens maintained by the town remind the Bostonian of our own Public Garden, which they closely resemble both in area and general arrangement. In addition to the flowers, fountains, and shady paths, the authorities have here provided a number of tennis courts. The Town Council provides the nets, and keeps the courts in perfect order. The payment of six cents entitles any person to the use of them.

Instead of the familiar warning, "Keep off the grass," one is confronted by a polite request, "Please do not walk on the grass." The latter seems to be quite as effective, and sounds far less inhospitable.

Whether due to these opportunities for outdoor exercise or on account of the pure and bracing air, the town has certainly earned for itself an enviable reputation for healthfulness. Dr. Arbuthnot, who in his early days came to settle here, did not stay long. He said, "A physician can neither live nor die at Dorchester."

In the olden days Dorchester was noted for her cloth; but Leeds, Birmingham, and other North of England communities have robbed her of this industry, and she now relies for revenue principally upon agriculture and the great flocks of sheep which find abundant sustenance upon the neighboring downs. It is estimated that there are nearly a million of these woolly units of wealth in the vicinity. The praise of Dorset ale has been sounded in prose and verse. It, too, is made in Dorchester.

In view of its turbulent history and the numerous fiery ordeals through which the town has passed, it is not surprising that few buildings now remain which can lay claim to age. In fact, there are but two of importance,— St. Peter's Church and Judge Jeffreys's lodgings.

St. Peter's, which stands at the junction of the four principal streets, is a fine old parish church of the Perpendicular period. Its stately tower contains a splendid peal of eight bells as well as a clock and chimes. The old custom of tolling the curfew is still observed here.

Three ancient almshouses, the most recent dating from 1615, still shelter the aged and the needy. These are but a few of many objects of interest in the town itself; while the country roundabout is dotted over with numberless relics of the past, which would well repay a visit.

Dorchester is but one hundred and thirty-eight miles distant from London, and is easily reached by either the Great Western or South-western Railway. If this brief article should encourage any summer pilgrim to tarry for a little in old Dorchester, he will be sure of a cordial welcome. The hospitable doors of the "King's Arms" stand open to receive him, as they have welcomed so many others during the past century and a half; and, as the traveller goes on his way, he may well wonder if Dr. Johnson had in mind this comfortable old house, when he wrote, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern, or inn."

Edwin J. Lewis, Jr.

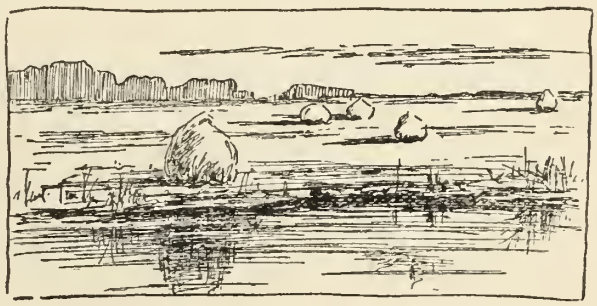
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

THE dear old lady was in good spirits and full of interesting recollections of the old days in Dorchester: —

"My grandfather used to say that all roads led to the meeting-house. I wish they did, but am sorry to say they do not now. The first road out here in Dorchester ran from the meeting-house to Rocky Hill (now Savin Hill). In my time it was Old Hill. This road kept on through what is now Savin Hill Avenue. Another began at the same place, ran west to Five Corners, east to Calves' Pasture (now Pond Street and Crescent Avenue). This road ran on from Five Corners north-easterly toward Great Neck (South Boston). This road lay along Little Neck (Boston Street). It had a gate at its entrance; and every morning, for seven months in the year, the cows of Dorchester Plantation were driven by this road to pasture. An hour after sunrise a horn was blown, calling the cows together; and woe to the cow that was not on hand! She got no pasturage that day, and likely enough her owner was fined.

"There used to be a street that curved around by the house of William T. Andrews, called Chestnut Street,* I think; but it must have got lost, for it is not there now. The Rev. Richard Mather, Roger Williams, and others lived on it. The road around Jones's Hill is now Stoughton, Pleasant, and Hancock Streets; and from there a road led to Israel Stoughton's mill. It is now Adams Street, and runs to Quincy. A lane led from this road to Penny Ferry, where they used to cross the Neponset to Quincy. It is Marsh Street now.

"The short street called Houghton Street is all that is left now of the old road to the Plymouth Colony. This ran around Pope's Hill, crossed what is now Neponset Avenue, and was finally merged into the straight turnpike. I wish we had kept the old names; for Old Hill means more to me than Savin Hill, the name given to it away back in 1822, from the savins on its top. It was Rocky Hill for the first hundred years of the Old Colony, and the first fort to defend our harbor was built here.



"The southerly part of Harrison Square bore the name 'Captain's Neck,' or 'Hawkins Neck,' in honor of Captain Hawkins, a large land-holder, ship-builder, and navigator. A small stream that crosses what is now Columbia Street was named for him, also. The right of way which was laid out to the wharf on Wales Creek 'for the use and benefit of the town' is now Creek Street. Port Norfolk, in Old Colony times, was called Pine Neck; and that makes me think of the terrible time the people there had, when they disagreed about the name. Some wanted it called Neponset, the old name, which includes Dorchester Lower Mills;

* Discontinued in 1853.

and others wanted it Port Norfolk. Such a time as there was! The two factions almost came to blows. It was several months before the hatchet was buried and peace declared. In the end both names were used,—Port Norfolk for the point and Neponset for the village.

"Ludlow's Neck extended from the Roxbury line to Codman Hill, and must have been named for the crusty and tempery Roger Ludlow, who offended the freemen of Boston, moved out to Dorchester, and built a house at Old Hill. Cook's Hill was long ago cut down. I remember the immense amount of money Zebedee Cook spent in trying to sink an artesian well to water his gardens.

"Everybody knows of Codman, Jones, and Meeting-house Hills, for they are of the new generation as well as the old; but did you ever hear of Purgatory Swamp, between Neponset River and the Dedham line, of Mother Brook, the old way between Dorchester and Dedham, and the way of the first canal built in this country? Do you know about Pow-wow Point, between Little Neck and Great Neck (Washington Village and South Boston), Common, Bear, and Dead Swamps, where the colonists used to cut timber, and Indian Hill over Milton way?

"Well, I might go on forever; for every foot of land in this old town is dear to me and full of interest to any one who will read the records. I think of the friends and neighbors of my youth when I hear of Field's Corner, Glover's Corner, Upham's Corner. Then there was the Upper Road (Washington Street) and the Lower Road (Adams Street), the Four Corners (where Harvard, Bowdoin, and Washington Streets meet). In my younger days it was not Mt. Bowdoin, but Bowdoin Hill, where the rich Governor Bowdoin lived in such elegance.

"Of course there were many names given by the neighbors that were very significant. The eastern slope of Meeting-house Hill must have been very wicked to earn the name of Sodom. Centre Street was called 'Old Maid Lane,' because of the many unplucked buds who had homes there. Rum Plain was somewhere near Cedar Grove. Why it was called so I have forgotten, but you and I can easily imagine. But why Cracker Hollow was so called I cannot even guess. Tinean, not Tenean as it is called now, was named from an East Indian island, when we had ships in that trade.

"Are you tired? I should think you would be; but I never weary of talking about the old times, and will run on as long as any one will listen. The old days and the old ways! Dorchester kept the good old customs longer than any of its neighboring towns. It was the last to give up candles, open fires, foot-stoves, warming-pans, and going to bed at nine o'clock. I know of one young woman who was born here, and never went to Boston until she was married. What do you think of that?

"Must you go, indeed? Well, come again; and, if I can think of more about the old times, I will give you another chapter."

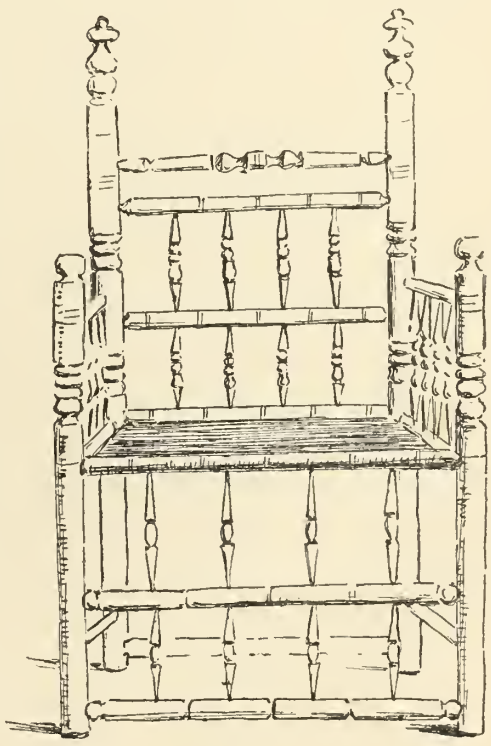
And so I went home through the gathering dusk, meeting shadowy forms of the good men and good wives of old Dorchester all along the way, and almost wishing the slow, simple, "good old times" back again.

Mary C. Eddy.

THE FIRST PARISH, DORCHESTER.

RELIGION, in Old England, was regulated by government. In New England, religion regulated government. The English Church, like the English government, was (and is) an aristocracy. Democracy was a ruling principle of Puritanism. Thus the keynote of our government was struck when the Pilgrims and Puritans established in the New England wilderness their churches, which were literally "of the people, by the people, for the people."

But that little band of a hundred and forty souls who gathered at Plymouth, England, for a day of solemn fasting and prayer, before putting out on the deep, had no conception of the future republic. Freedom to worship God was the anchorage they sailed toward. This first meeting of our church has been described by one of the passengers: "That worthy man of God, Mr. John White of Dorchester, in Dorset, was present and preached unto us the word of God, in the fore part of the day, and in the latter part of the day, as the people did solemnly make choice of and call those godly ministers to be their officers, so also the Rev. Mr. Warham and Mr. Maverick did accept thereof and expressed the same." It is worthy of note that reordination was not considered necessary, though both men, now thorough non-conformists, had been ordained by bishops of the English Church. This fact illustrates the breadth of view which from the outset has characterized this church,— the readiness to disregard the letter and to emphasize the spirit of religion. It was ready to believe with Robinson, the noble Leyden Puritan, "that the Lord had yet more truth to break forth from his holy word"; and the church covenant of 1636 contained the clause, "so far as we do already know or shall further understand, out of God's holy word,"— the terms under which members pledged their faith.



The John Eliot Chair

So did these settlers of Dorchester install their first ministers, and enter their first meeting-house,—the stanch and strong ship, "Mary and John," which bore them "by the good hand of the Lord through the deeps comfortably." Roger Clap, from whose diary we have a brief account of the voyage, tells us that their ministers "preached or expounded" the word of God every day for ten weeks together.

The proposed destination of the "Mary and John" was the Charles River, which had been exploited some years before. Such, however, was the lack of exact knowledge of the American coast that, when the vessel came to anchor, Sunday, May 30, 1630, after a seventy days'

passage, it was off Nantasket instead of in the Charles. Exploration of the immediate coast satisfied the passengers that a neighboring site, called Mattapan by the Indian inhabitants, was well suited to their needs; and they forthwith led out to pasturage their famished cattle, and began to make their settlement. On Sunday, June 6 (the 17th in our present calendar), they rested from their labors. It is this date which marks the foundation of the town and the First Church of Dorchester. The next week brought the "Arbella," with Governor Winthrop and the charter under which the colony was to be founded. During the month other vessels of the Winthrop fleet continued to arrive.

These early settlers of Dorchester — "the many godly families," as Captain Roger Clap speaks of them, "men leaving gallant situations," "very precious men and women," by no means forgetful of their purpose of founding a State where God should be the supreme sovereign, and his word, the Bible, the chief statute book — still turned their hands first to the humbler tasks of hewing wood and carrying water. Log cabins sprang up, roads were made. It was not until the autumn of 1631 that the first meeting-house was built. That its erection was delayed for a year is evidence of the extreme privations and hardships of those twelve months. The rude structure of logs and thatch was also a depot for military stores, and, so long as attack from the Indians threatened, was palisadoed and nightly guarded. Winthrop mentions that Mr. Maverick once accidentally set fire to a small barrel of powder, and that, consequently, the thatch of the new meeting-house was blackened a little. Town hall and place of worship in one, this meeting-house did service for the first fifteen years of the colony. Of the first ministers little is known. Mr. Maverick is styled by Johnson, a contemporary historian, "the godly Mr. Maverick"; and Winthrop says of him, "He was a man of very humble spirit, faithful in furthering the work of the Lord here, both in church and civil State." A more aggressive and brilliant man was Mr. Warham. His views about church constitutions were independent. Preaching with notes is said to have been introduced into New England by him. He went with those members of the church who in 1635 removed to Windsor, Conn. (for "more room," it was said), and there lived as "a gracious servant of Christ" for thirty-four years.

After the death of Mr. Maverick, Richard Mather was called in 1636 to a reorganized church, at whose head he remained for thirty-three years. In accordance with the custom of having two ministers, a pastor and a teacher, the Rev. Jonathan Burr became Mr. Mather's colleague. William Stoughton, too, though a layman, frequently assisted by preaching,—another instance of the liberality of opinion of the early church. Mr. Mather, who took so important a part in the pioneer years of the church, was of English birth and education. Though his parents were poor people, he had an exceptional education. Graduated at Oxford, he preached for sixteen years in the English Church, from which he was suspended for non-conformity. He fled from England in disguise, and finally reached New England, where he soon became a conspicuous figure in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of Dorchester. He wrote many essays bearing on the questions of the times, and assisted in the compilation of the Bay Psalm Book. It is said of him that he was a man of great bodily strength, and a "very powerful, awakening, and zealous preacher." His death, in 1669, is thus simply recorded by the church: "The Rev. Richard Mather, teacher of the church of Dorchester, rested from his labours." Increase and Cotton Mather, his son and grandson, were both distinguished ministers in their day.

A step toward relaxation of the extreme rigidity of church form was agitated

1ST CHURCH, BUILT IN 1897

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

CHRIST CHURCH CHAPEL

ST. MARY'S

2ND CHURCH

toward the close of Mr. Mather's ministry. It concerned the public confession of faith which was exacted of new members. In its place the new member was required merely to stand forth and acknowledge the confession which had been previously written down in private.

Church authority in these days was vigilant, severe, and far-reaching. Many details of living and conduct, now controlled by law or conscience, came within the church's jurisdiction. For example, J. L. had a misunderstanding with his wife, and was accused of maltreating her, which caused no little trouble to the church. After several meetings the matter was settled by his promising "to carry it more loving to her for time to come."

J. B. was less amenable. He had been lying, and was also convicted of horse stealing. On his refusing to come before the church, he was disowned, and excommunicated, "though not delivered up to Satan, . . . and familiar society with him forbidden unto his relations, natural and civil, that he may be ashamed."

J. M. came forth voluntarily, and acknowledged to his sin in being too much overcome with drinking on the day of Major Clark's funeral.

The elders and "ancient" brethren were authorized to summon members in private; and, in case of non-compliance, public admonition was administered. One man of some distinction was called upon to give satisfaction for his "contemptuous carriage." "Others there were that should have been called forth, . . . but the time and season of cold [January, in a cold meeting-house] would not permit."

With the growth of the settlement the first primitive meeting-house, with its thatched roof and outside stairway, did not meet the needs of the people. It was therefore agreed, "at the general meeting of the town, for peace and love's sake that there shall be a new meeting-house, built on Mr. Howard's land, in the most convenient place betwixt Mr. Stoughton's garden and his barn." £250 was raised; and the following year, 1646, £40 was added for finishing, and "making the walls decent within and without."

After Mr. Mather's death, Mr. Stoughton refused six urgent calls to become pastor. This distinguished man served his community and his country, however, in other offices than that in which his fellow-townsmen so earnestly desired to see him. He represented the colony in England, was chief justice of the Supreme Court, lieutenant governor, and commander-in-chief. The independence of his character is well set forth in his refusing to recant when his colleague, Judge Sewall, made public apology in the Old South Church for the share he took in persecuting the witches. Mr. Stoughton declared that he had no confession to make, for, though now of a different mind in regard to witchcraft, he had, at the time of the trial, acted in all sincerity.

As Mr. Stoughton continued in his refusals, saying that "he had some objections within himself against the notion" of becoming minister, the Rev. Josiah Flint was finally installed as Mr. Mather's successor. In 1670 the church was moved to its present site on Meeting-house Hill, then known as Rocky Hill, where the school-house already stood. The duties of the sexton, who at this time was one Nathan Bradley, were to "ring the bell, cleanse the meeting-house, and to carry the water for baptism." While the bell stood on the hill, Mr. Bradley was to have "after £4 a year; and after the bell is brought to the meeting-house £3 10*s*." Mr. Flint's was the shortest ministry in the annals of the church. The first graduate of Harvard to fill this pulpit, his life and labors therein, ended

by his death, are honored in his epitaph in the old burying-ground,— "the good scholar and earnest preacher and devoted pastor."

The pastorate of John Danforth, which followed, lasted for forty-eight years, and is the longest the church has known. Mr. Danforth, at the age of twenty-one, became pastor in Dorchester, five years after his graduation from Harvard. "A young man of talent and grace" he is styled; and his ministry, it is elsewhere testified, "was in great fidelity, and in the exercise of superior talents and graces." A quaint vote was passed toward the end of Mr. Danforth's ministry, which indicates that the good man had trials in common with "Sir Oracle," though, being "exceedingly charitable and of a very peaceful temper," he probably sought more graciously to remedy the evil: "Whereas of late, dogs have frequently come into our meeting-house on Sabbath days, and by their barking, quarrelling, etc., have made disturbance in the time of divine worship," etc. The vote ended by fixing a penalty upon the dogs' owners.

The year 1740 was a memorable one on account of the coming of George Whitefield, whose preaching made more of a sensation in Massachusetts than that of any minister since its settlement. Thousands flocked to hear him. Dorchester, perhaps, was less influenced by his preaching than some of the other outlying towns,— even though, as tradition has it, when preaching on the Common, his voice could be heard on Jones's Hill.

The fourth meeting-house was built in 1743. Its increase in size over former buildings, as well as the increase of the community's wealth, is indicated by the 3,500 odd pounds devoted to its erection.

In 1752, in the ministry of the Rev. John Bowman, the Scriptures were first read as part of public worship.

Moses Everett preached "with great acceptance" until 1793, "when," says a notice of him, "the declining state of his health compelled him to relinquish an office he was too feeble to fulfil and too conscientious to neglect."

Of Thaddeus Mason Harris, whose ministry lasted forty-three years, his colleague and successor, Mr. Hall, says: "But there are others of you, for whose sakes I am glad to speak of him, though it must be so inadequately,— of his purity and refinement of mind; his scholarly acquirements, gained by a life of reading and research; his humble conscientiousness, his gentle and guileless and childlike spirit; his quick and flowing sympathies."

For almost two centuries the First Church was the only one in Dorchester. In 1808, because the growing parish could no longer be contained in one church, the Second Church was organized. Originally one in doctrine with the present church, it later took its stand with the more orthodox churches; yet the spirit of good will has always continued, after the first difference, between these kindred parishes.

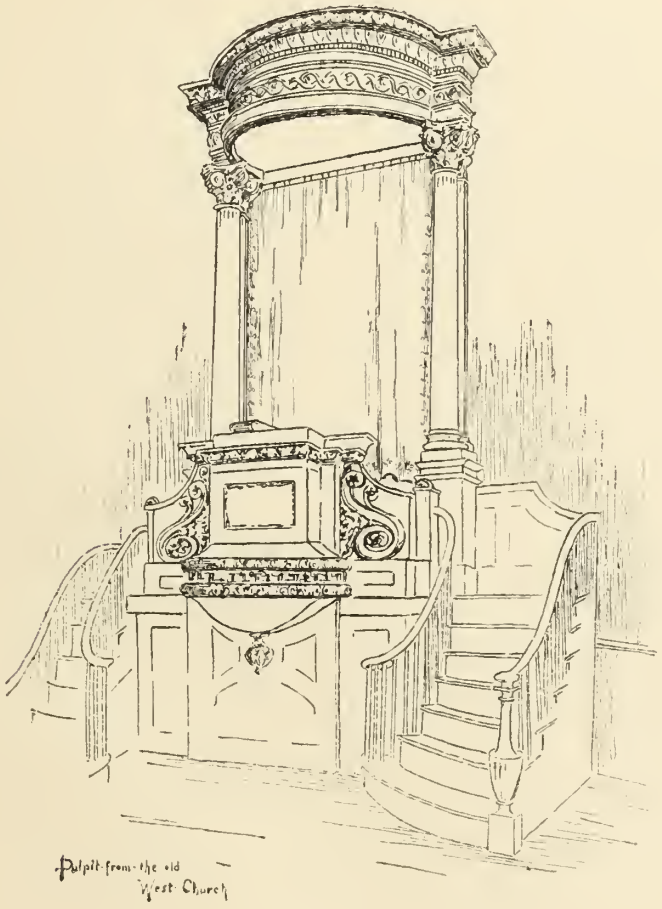
The long ministry of Mr. Hall, 1835–75, is another signal record of faithful and inspired service. It is a source of regret to me that this tribute to his work and character is not written by one who knew him. But perhaps it is no less a token of the permanence of his spirit and influence that they make special appeal to one who has known him only as a figure of the past. His prompt and unswerving advocacy of abolition marks the soundness of his judgment and the fearlessness of his soul. His services in those days which tried men's souls, the reconstruction period, attest his clear insight and enduring courage. Such action, through which shone unfailingly the radiance of a lovable personality and an abounding sympathy, proves him no unworthy follower of

the Puritan heroes. To this devoted pastor we owe much of our church's present vitality and prosperity.

The Rev. Samuel J. Barrows was minister from 1876 to 1880, the Rev. Christopher R. Eliot then until 1893, when the Rev. Eugene R. Shippen was installed, the fourteenth minister of the First Parish. Of the destruction by fire of the sixth meeting-house, built in 1816, and the erection of the present one, it is not necessary to speak.

This beautiful building, like the apotheosis of former churches, standing on the same spot where for more than two centuries and a quarter a house of God has stood, symbolizes the same ideals that our forefathers braved the wilderness to maintain. And in it may their descendants long worship God in the beauty of holiness!

VIRGINIA HOLBROOK.



Pulpit from the old West Church

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

(The true account of a very remarkable event in the life of Mr. Hope Atherton, minister of Hatfield, sometime schoolmaster in Dorchester, as it happened to him when he was chaplain of Turner's men at the "Falls Fight," in King Philip's War.)

PHILIP is dead, that bloody man,
Who us hath sore distrest,
From all such salvage foes as he
May our good land have rest.

Oh, what a woeful, woeful year
This twelve month past hath been!
How heavily the Lord hath laid
His hand upon our sin!

Our towns laid waste; our bravest slain;
Our women captive led;
But now God's hand is lifting up
His stricken people's head.

From many lips thanksgivings rise
For marvels He has done.
Most cause of all to praise His name
Have I, Hope Atherton.

From Hatfield town rode Turner's men,
One hundred and a score.
We slacked not rein until we heard
The plunging river roar.

"Dismount! dismount!" the word went round.
In silence did we creep
To rearward of King Philip's men,
And caught them in their sleep.

Encamped along the river bank,
Above the falls they lay.
We roused them with the blast of doom,
Just at the break of day.

Dazed by our onset, they awoke;
In vain they sought to fly.
The God of Israel gave us strength
To smite them hip and thigh.

They yelled with rage and mortal fear,
They leaped into the flood.
Like beasts of sacrifice they fell;
The ground steamed up with blood.

Ah, me! it was a fearful sight
To see, when all was done.
Three hundred Indians we had slain;
Our loss was only one.

Three hundred souls cut off in sin,
Condemned to endless woes!
May God forgive me that I grieve
At slaughter of His foes!

How pleasant seemed the springtime wood,
Clothèd in tender green,
When we had turned our backs upon
That cruel, bloody scene.

In soberness and haste we went,
With silent, careful tread;
For sounds were on the morning wind
That filled our hearts with dread.

Scarce half our men had got to horse,
When bullets showered like rain,
As a fresh horde of salvages
Came pressing on amain.

From rear and flank they shot us down
I saw brave Turner fall.
The Lord holp Captain Holyoke then,
Or slain we had been all.

More of the fight I cannot tell;
'Tis but a fearful dream,
Of demon forms and frantic yells,
And hell-fire's lurid gleam.

Day passed, night came, I know not how;
I found myself alone.
My horse had gone, with him my food,
My pillow was a stone.

Night passed, day came, I know not how;
I wandered on and on.
A mist of blood before my eyes
Rose ever and anon.

Gone was all sense of time and place,
My mind was far away
Where peaceful, smiling Dorchester
O'erlooks her goodly bay,

Where once I ruled the village school
With precept and with rod,
To make the boys of Dorchester
Love learning and fear God,

Where Sabbath days I sat and heard
The godly Mather preach,—
Apples of gold in silver set
Was his well-ordered speech,—

Where oft I heard an inward voice
Me solemnly exhort:
"Make haste, proclaim my saving word,
Your time is all too short."

I cannot tell how many days
Dragged out their weary length;
I know at last my dream was spent,
And spent was all my strength.

At set of sun I laid me down
Beneath a towering pine;
I did not think to see again
The day star rise and shine.

But soon I heard the cautious tread
Of many feet, and then
There swiftly passed, through gathering dusk,
A file of Indian men.

Close by they made their hasty camp;
I saw them cook their fish.
My eager nostrils never smelt
So rare a dainty dish.

Hope sprang again; my strength came back.
Better it seemed to die
By torture of those painted fiends
Than starve with food so nigh.

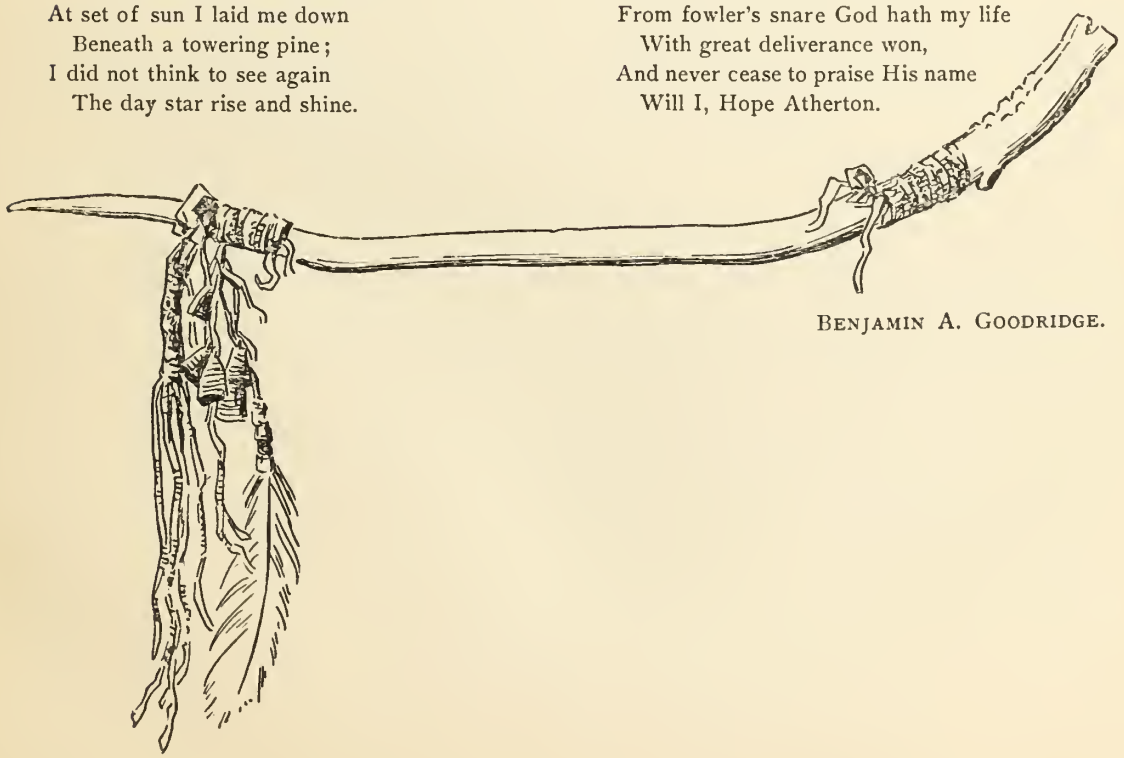
So crying out, "I come in peace!"
Toward them I made my way.
They stayed not for my near approach,
But fled in sore dismay.

"The white man's God! the white man's God!"
They shrieked as off they ran,
Seeming to take my wasted frame
For more than mortal man.

But with the cause of their strange fright
Not long I vexed my mind.
I sat me down, and fed right well
On what they left behind.

That night I slept, rose up refreshed,
And found the river shore;
Then followed down until I saw
Dear Hatfield town once more.

From fowler's snare God hath my life
With great deliverance won,
And never cease to praise His name
Will I, Hope Atherton.



BENJAMIN A. GOODRIDGE.

THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN DORCHESTER.

IT is certainly very appropriate to have recorded in the "Dorchester Book" the generally accepted fact that in Dorchester was founded the first free public school in the world, supported by direct taxation or assessments on the inhabitants of the town; also, that here the first school committee was created, that is, chosen by the voters and selected from among the people at large, to look after the interests of the school, in the same manner that school boards have ever since been established throughout the length and breadth of our land. How can we better trace the progress of education in Dorchester than by a comparison of her school buildings and the curriculum of the schools of the seventeenth century with the present day? The first school-house, built in 1638–39, near the corner of Pleasant and Cottage Streets, was a frail structure, and remained many years in an unfinished state. In the year 1657 the town voted five shillings in money, and timber from the lot, that a floor be laid overhead, to be used as a study for the schoolmaster. It was nearly a hundred years after the first school-house was built before the town voted to appropriate £12 toward a school in the south part of the town, and not until 1776 was the third school started.

I find in the diary of James Humphreys, who was born in 1753, the following descriptions of the first three school-houses on Meeting-house Hill: "The first School House stood near the Meeting House, it was of an oblong square, the end set against a rock that stands perpendicular, which said rock served as a back for to build the fire against. This rock is north of the Meeting House adjoining the road, the east side between Ralph Shepard's and William Swan's. When a schoolboy I have frequently seen by marks on the surface where the foundations of the two houses were."

This spot can easily be recognized to-day, as part of the rock still remains between the estates of Robert Swan and Otis Shepard on Winter Street, opposite the estate of the late Hiram Shepard. I distinctly remember the perpendicular rock as it stood, extending so far out into Winter Street that it was difficult for teams to pass each other at that point.

"The Second School House was built in 1694, by Joseph Trescott, it was twenty feet long, and nineteen feet wide, and cost £23. It stood opposite Mr. Joseph Leed's house, east of the road. It was a low building pitched roof four square, one seat to sit on made fast to three sides of the house. The place made to write and lay the books on, was on three sides likewise, at a proper distance, made so wide that another row of seats, that was made inside for the boys to sit on, sufficient to write or study, facing each other. A shelf was likewise made on three sides of the house to lay the books and papers on, so that the boys by stepping on the seat made to sit on, and where they write might have access to their books on the shelves. A large table and an arm chair was in the center. The chimney was on the west side toward the road. The wood laid on the fire four feet in length, and oftentimes in the winter smoke and cold enough. The door facing the south, the jams so large that it embraced the whole, save room for the entry door. The wood house leantoo fashion toward the road. The school was divided into three classes,

OLDEST SCHOOL HOUSE STANDING.
FREEPORT ST.

CHRISTOPHER GIBSON SCHOOL

MINOT SCHOOL

MARY HEMENWAY SCHOOL

the lowest called the Psalter class, the second the Testament, the third the Bible class. The task of the latter to read about two chapters commencing and ending of school, spell the words, and write a copy or cypher. Girls not admitted save once in the fall of the year, the general catechising, by Rev. Mr. Bowman, then each one was to answer two questions in the Assembly Catechism, and excellent advise given them, and conclude with prayer. I went to this school about seven years, from 1759 to 1767, and saw no other English books except the Assembly Catechism, till the two last years we had Dillworth's Spelling Book and Hadder's Arithmetic. My teachers were Noah Clap, James Baker, David Leeds, and William Bowman." This school-house stood near the William D. Swan house on Hancock Street, opposite the estate of the late William Hendry.

"The third School House stood between this and the Parsonage House, which was afterwards moved over the hill, and is now a dwelling occupied by the widow of Ichabod Wiswall."

This Ichabod was doubtless a descendant of the man of that name who was the school-teacher in 1657.

What remains of the old school-house now stands on the south side of Freeport Street, a few rods from its junction with Pleasant Street. It has a brick basement and is occupied by Sebastian Cabot Peters.

The progress of the education of women in Dorchester is shown in the fact that the deeds of real estate of the seventeenth century are signed by men of note, who, for those days, were highly educated. Yet the women, in many instances, signed them thus "her × mark," showing that they were not taught even to read or write. The eighteenth century had more than half elapsed before women were even allowed to be taught in the public schools. To-day the list of graduates from our public schools is very evenly divided between the boys and the girls. Any one who had the pleasure of listening to the original papers of the young lady graduates of the Dorchester High School last year must be convinced of the remarkable opportunities which are given to-day for the development of originality, refinement in rhetoric, and a broad and liberal education of the girls of Dorchester. In fact, there is hardly a branch of education in which the girls have not equal advantages with the boys; and the list of Dorchester women who have graduated during the past few years from colleges, scientific and professional schools, some of them having obtained a high position in their profession, shows a marvellous progress in all branches of education. We have but to look at the long list of noted men who have graduated from our public schools, who have held some of the highest positions of trust and responsibility, some having stood at the head of their profession, to note the rapid growth of the opportunities for a liberal education, and to show that Dorchester has not been backward in improving all the advantages which modern methods in pedagogy have given. In the light of to-day this fact seems quite remarkable, that for more than a hundred years after the town of Dorchester on the 30th of May, 1639, voted to lay a tax on the proprietors of Thompson's Island for the maintenance of a public school in Dorchester, no other text-book was used but the Bible, and that the introduction of an arithmetic was witnessed by the grandparent of the writer. A single leaf of coarse paper, with the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, and Richard Mather's Catechism, was used previous to the New England Primer in the "dame school."

In 1645 the town voted, "It shall be the dutye of the Wardens to order and dispose of all things that concerne the schoole, in such sort as in their wisedome and discretion

they shall Judge most Conducible for the Glory of God and the trayning up of the Children of the Towne in Religion, learning and Civilitie."

To-day we have free text-books for every conceivable branch of study and highly educated teachers who develop our children intellectually, morally, and physically.

I have space to mention but few of the noted men who lived and attended school in Dorchester: Edward Everett, who was born in the school district that bears his name; Governor Stoughton, who left £150 to the Dorchester schools, with the condition that the salary of the schoolmaster should be fixed at £40 a year, which was a large increase on the amount then paid; Christopher Gibson, the income of whose gift has given so many reference books and extras that would not otherwise have been provided, not least of all the base-ball ground which so many of our boys have enjoyed; Daniel Webster, who, if he did not attend the schools, lived for a time on or near the spot where now stands the Henry L. Pierce School; Dr. John Homans; the Rev. Peter Thacher; the Rev. Elijah Danforth; the Hon. James Bowdoin, son of Governor Bowdoin, who gave sixty acres of land for the school fund; Elder James Blake; Humphrey Atherton; Roger Williams; Roger Clap, for whom the Roger Clap School-house was named and on whose farm the building was erected; the Mather family; Governors Hancock, Winthrop, Morton, Oliver, Bowdoin, Eustis, and Gardner.

Among the teachers who taught in the Dorchester schools previous to 1800 I find forty-five men who were graduates of Harvard College.

It is a remarkable and astonishing fact, which can be demonstrated by figures, that the number of college-bred men in Massachusetts is 50 per cent. less than it was in the eighteenth century.

In 1710 it was voted that each of the children should be provided by those who sent them with "two feet of wood or two shilling and sixpence money, to be delivered to the School Master within one month after the twenty-ninth of September, annually, or their children to have no privilege of the fire." Not till 1732 did the town provide wood for school-houses. Now the city puts one hundred tons of coal into a single building; and the poorest child has an equal privilege with the richest of enjoying the heated rooms.

In 1771 the town voted £2 12*s*. toward keeping a school on "the lower country road," and to-day the $100,000 school-house does not accommodate all the children in that section. In 1784 the town voted "that such Girls as can read in a Psalter be allowed to go to the Grammar School." They had hitherto gone to the "dame schools," where they received very simple instruction in reading, spelling, and sewing. In 1787 it was voted by the selectmen that "it is not expedient to purchase a stove for the grammar school." In 1802 it was voted to appropriate $300 in each of the four wards for building school-houses.

In 1803 extravagance began to show itself. The town voted $300 for a new school-house, the district raised $180 more, and the building cost $472.86. What became of the $7.14 balance? Within the last five years a million dollars have been spent in erecting school-houses in Dorchester. In 1827 the movement was made for the establishment of a high school, but the town voted it inexpedient. It was not until 1852 that $6,000 was appropriated by the town for a high-school building, to be built on the "School Pasture" land. It stands to-day at the corner of Dorchester Avenue and Gibson Street. The second high school was built in 1868 at a cost of $30,000. The


1st HIGH SCHOOL
2nd HIGH SCHOOL
HENRY L PIERCE SCHOOL
COOKING CLASS
HENRY L. PIERCE SCHOOL
CLASS AT WORK
HENRY L PIERCE SCHOOL

third, now in process of erection on Talbot Avenue, will cost $250,000. It is a large structure, with an annex at the rear, all of buff brick, with limestone trimmings, and in the style of the Renaissance, designed by Hartwell, Richardson & Driver.

The principal front lies along Talbot Avenue, and the effort has been made to secure a dignified and suitable exterior through simple and unpretentious means.

At opposite ends of the basement of the main building are coat-rooms for girls and boys respectively, provided with a locker for each pupil. A spacious and thoroughly lighted lunch-room with counters for the steward occupies the intermediate space. Convenient to the coat-rooms are the bicycle-rooms, now acknowledged a necessary equipment of the modern school. Entered from the rear is the book unpacking room, from which a lift carries the books to the stories above for distribution.

Liberal toilet accommodations are provided at this level, with shower baths and dressing-rooms for the use of the Gymnasium and Drill Hall. We should add that each story has its toilet-rooms directly over those in the basement, making the plumbing plant very compact and simple in its organization.

By way of the janitor's room we descend to the boiler, coal, and fan rooms, which are outside the building and below ground at the east end of the lot. This scheme makes the handling of fuel and the removal of ashes an easy matter, and leaves the basement clear and free for the uses of the school.

Fresh warmed air is conveyed from this heating plant through underground ducts to upright shafts, and is delivered by means of fan pressure in ample amounts to each occupant of the building.

From the basement there are four avenues of escape to the streets, and three wide stairways to the floors above.

The Gymnasium, which is also the Drill Hall, covers an area of nearly 5,500 square feet, and in height is equal to the basement and first story of the main building. It has a room for the director and a Visitors' Gallery, seating 125 persons.

Five entrances give access from the street to the first floor corridors. The master's suite, consisting of a reception-room and an office, is adjacent to the western doorway. Retiring-rooms for men and women teachers are situated near the ends of the building. Two class-rooms accommodating 84 pupils each, with a recitation-room adjoining, and three class-rooms seating 42 pupils each, together with a third recitation-room, make up the working rooms of this floor.

The principal entrance bisects the main corridor (which runs parallel to Talbot Avenue), and lies opposite to the grand staircase leading to the Assembly Hall directly over the Gymnasium.

In this hall are seats for 835 people on the floor and further accommodation for 165 in the gallery.

There is a large stage with anterooms at the east end. A handsome open-timber roof is the principal decorative feature of this hall, which is to be finished light with papier-maché ornaments.

In the main building on the second floor is a large book-storage room with shelving, communicating by a lift with the unpacking-room in the basement. Each class-room is also provided with its own book closet.

The Library (24′ x 34′) is situated at the south-west corner, and with the three recitation-rooms and the toilet-rooms makes up the quota of minor apartments on this floor.

There are besides three 84-pupil and three 42-pupil class-rooms.

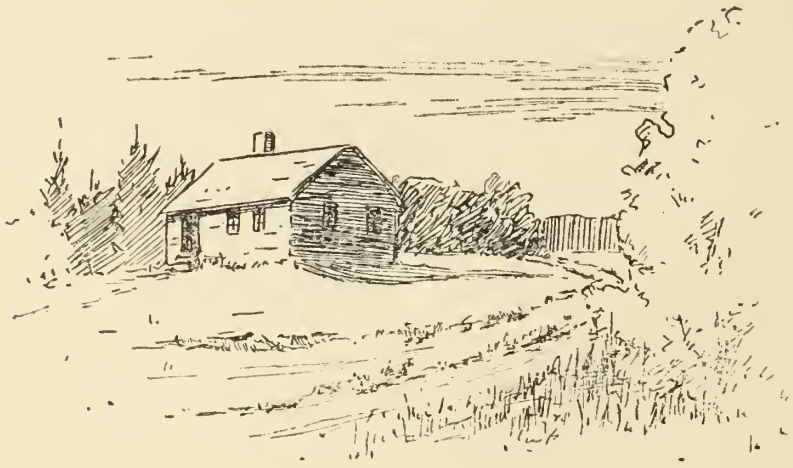
On the third floor are the laboratories, apparatus-room, physical lecture room, and two 63-pupil and two 42-pupil class-rooms. There are also toilet-rooms and coat-rooms for third floor pupils.

In 1776 the school expenses of Dorchester were $1,000; in 1806 they were $1,906; in 1826, $2,500; in 1856, $23,000; and to-day they are more than $230,000. Thus you see the rapid strides which have been made in the facilities for the education of the masses.

Believing as we do that a liberal education at least tends toward a nobler and more rational religion, a higher standard of ethics, a broader and more helpful philanthropy, and the encouragement of good living, and that it prepares the rising generation for a better performance of their social and civil duties, we can but rejoice that Dorchester continues, as in the past, to take a high rank in the process of education.

As I look back, however, over the early history of Dorchester, and see the progress which education has made, and realize under what adverse circumstances this advance has been accomplished; and when I consider the disappearance of the simplicity which marked the life of the last two centuries, and see the rapid increase in wealth and luxury, which certainly does not conduce to the development of the educational side of our natures,— I fear that with all the increased facilities for intellectual improvement we can hardly look for any greater advance in the future than the past has shown.

Richard C. Humphreys.

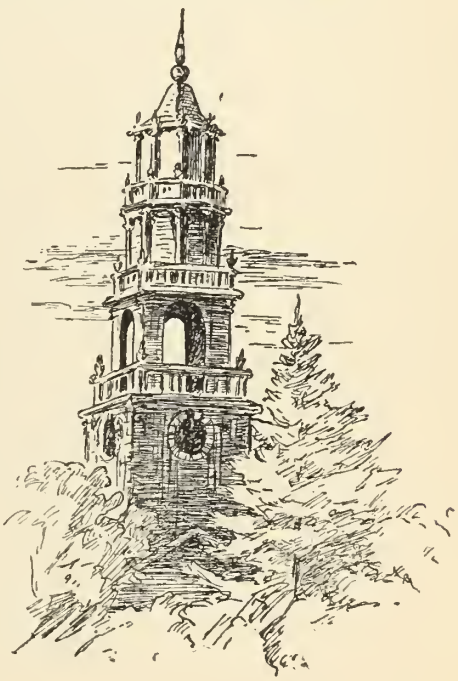


SOME OF OUR CHURCHES.

CHURCHES have so multiplied in Dorchester since the voyagers on the "Mary and John" brought the First Church with them that space is lacking in the pages of this book for even the briefest mention of them all. In the selection of a few for presentation here no definite plan has been followed. All the churches could not be described. If some were taken, others equally worthy and interesting must be left out. This is all that can be said, all that needs to be said, concerning the scope of this article.

The first child of the original Dorchester church was the Second Parish Church. For one hundred and seventy-six years Dorchester had only one parish and one meeting-house. But in 1806 the Second Parish meeting-house was built at the corner of Washington and Centre Streets, in 1807 the town voted to form a second parish, and in 1808 the church was formally organized. In almost a hundred years of great usefulness and prosperity it has had but four ministers. The first minister, the Rev. John Codman, D.D., had served almost forty years, when he died in 1847. The second minister, Dr. James H. Means, had a pastorate of thirty years. The Rev. Edward N. Packard followed with eight years of service. The present incumbent is the Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., whose able and successful ministry has continued for more than ten years.

In describing the Baker Memorial Church, one comes into the period of quite modern history. The origin of this flourishing Methodist Episcopal church is very interesting. In 1868 Miss Sarah Baker, a seamstress, living on Savin Hill, left $5,000 to accumulate for twenty years and then to be used in building a Methodist church. It had cost Miss Baker many years of hard toil and self-denial to lay aside this modest sum. But after her death it increased more rapidly, so that in 1888 it amounted to over twenty-two thousand dollars. When this bequest became available, the church on Howard Avenue was disbanded, and its members united with the people of Savin Hill and Upham's Corner; and a little later the beautiful Baker Memorial Church was built at Upham's Corner. The Rev. C. H. Talmadge was the minister in charge when the church was built; and he has been succeeded by the Rev. C. S. Rogers, the Rev. Frederick N. Upham, and the present minister, the Rev. E. T. Curnick.



St. Mary's Episcopal Church had its origin in 1847. A hall was used for worship until 1849, when a church was built on Bowdoin Street. This was burned in 1887, and the present building on Stoughton Street and Cushing Avenue was built in 1888. In 1892 it was enlarged. The present rector is the Rev. Walter E. C. Smith, who has been in charge since 1892. All Saints' Parish, which now has a beautiful church at Ashmont, was originally a mission of St. Mary's.

The Third Religious Society was originally one with the Second Church. In 1813 a separate organization of the liberals of that congregation was thought best. The first church was built during that same year. It was on Washington Street. The present church was built in 1840, on Richmond Street. The Rev. Frederick B. Mott has been settled over this church since 1892.

St. Peter's Church may be said to have grown out of the location on which it stands, for it is built of the rock that was quarried out of Mt. Ida to make its foundation. This church has already passed its silver jubilee; but in the twenty-six years and more of its prosperous history it has had but one pastor, the Rev. Peter Ronan.

A church which has not quite yet reached the twenty-fifth milestone on its way is the Grove Hall Universalist Parish. It was organized in 1877, and used to worship in the building on the corner of Schuyler Street and Blue Hill Avenue; but in 1895 a handsome stone church was built on the corner of Wilder and Washington Streets. The Rev. Charles R. Tenney has been minister of this church for more than ten years.

The Dorchester Temple Baptist Church grew out of a Sunday-school that was organized in 1884. The church building, which stands on the corner of Washington Street and Welles Avenue, was dedicated in 1892. The Rev. Carey W. Chamberlin has been the minister since 1896.

ST. PETER'S

BAKER MEMORIAL

ALL SAINTS

BAPTIST TEMPLE

RICHMOND ST

THE EVERETT HOUSE.

I HAD to be present last spring, to my great regret, and witness the destruction of a fine old house. Our French friends would say that I "assisted" at its destruction; but, indeed, I did not assist. The tears would have been running down my cheeks all the time if it had been proper for men to weep.

This was the old "Oliver house," known since Oliver's day as the old Everett house, in Dorchester. It was the house in which my mother was born, and in which she lived until she was fifteen years of age. Her stories of childhood were of the games of hide-and-seek in its attics, and one of her pleasantest memories was that she planted the honeysuckle which overshadowed the little court-yard behind the house. From that honeysuckle, when it was more than sixty years old, I was able to take some shoots, which are growing now.

Alas and alas! in what is called the progress of improvement this house had to be pulled down. When I went over to see the men do it, it was a little as if you had asked Phidias to assist the barbarians who were knocking to pieces the model for one of his statues. They sold me, from the top of the house, two wooden "flames," which for a hundred and fifty years, more or less, had blazed there in token of the warmth and light within. Edward, who drove the cab which carried me over there, went out into the garden and dug up some box, which was planted I do not know how long ago. The box has died, but the flames still burn by the steps to my own house. And the first time I can find a man in the street who sells gilding in chocolate papers, at fifteen cents a paper, I shall buy two papers of it from him, and shall make my flames blaze anew in every morning's sun.

Here is a dear old Dorchester house, of which the history, if its walls could speak, would be a part of the history of the times. It was built, so they tell me, in 1760, by one Robert Oliver, a West India merchant. Mr. Trask tells this story about him:—

"Colonel Oliver owned a plantation, or was engaged in trade with some of the inhabitants of the West India Islands, and brought from thence a number of African slaves. It was thought that the health of these slaves would be in a better condition, when offered for sale, if some employment were given them. As they had been accustomed to carrying burdens on their heads, wooden trays were procured for them. These were filled with earth from an eminence, and deposited in a hollow of the land near by. Afterward, at the suggestions of some of his Boston friends who called to see him, the colonel substituted small wheelbarrows for trays. To the amusement of the passers-by the laborers were seen at first with the barrows on their heads. Not understanding the rotary power to be applied to those vehicles, they ludicrously made themselves the carriages."

It has always been said, in a free-and-easy way, that Oliver was a Tory; but I do not know what is the foundation for this story. His name does not appear in the rather careful list of Loyalists drawn up by that admirable historian, Mr. Lorenzo Sabine. A good many of the Olivers were Loyalists, and went to Halifax for their Torydom, among others Andrew Oliver. Peter Oliver also went to Halifax, at the notification of the town.

Thomas Oliver, at the house which was James Russell Lowell's house afterward, stood on his doorsteps and defied the Middlesex militia, until they compelled him to give "full compliance with their demands."

One authority says it was he who lived in our house before he lived in Cambridge. Our house was owned, after Oliver's day, by John Vassal, another Tory refugee.

I have fancied, rightly or not, that the old Everett house looked a little like what is now the Lowell house. At all events, it was a fine comfortable old house, built, as it were, on two sides of a square. It had two front doors, as such houses do; and then there was a little half-garden, half-"*patio*," behind. One of the front doors led through to a hall by which you could go into this *patio* again.

One of the "Flames."

There was afterward a Robert Oliver in Baltimore, and another Robert Oliver in Barre, who was a commander of American troops. But who the merchant Robert Oliver was, and where he went to, and what place he has left in history, I cannot tell. I cannot help hoping that some of the young readers of this magazine will make it a duty for the next fortnight to find out who he was; and I assure such a reader that he will add to the prosperity of the world and its happiness if he will inform us, through any proper Dorchester medium, of the results of his inquiry.

Among other things which Robert Oliver did which were sensible was the planting of some English walnut trees around that house. What is more, he so planted them that they grew and increased and bore English walnuts. I never heard of any other English walnut trees in Massachusetts. There may be many such, but none of those who pick the fruit in autumn have ever sent it to me: I wish they would. There are plenty of English walnut trees in California now; and why no enterprising person plants fifty of their nuts in his back-yard in Dorchester, in the hope that his children may eat the fruit, is a question which I cannot answer.

Nor, as I have said, can I tell when Robert Oliver died or was driven out of town, or if he were driven out of town, or if, on the other hand, he served in the rebel army, or if there were no such person. To me he is a sort of Melchizedek, without beginning of years or end of days.

Now from the mythical period of the Everett house I approach matters of more certainty. I had a grandfather whose name was Oliver Everett. Dear old Dr. Pierce, who was also a Dorchester man, and who was good at dates, said to me, the first time I ever spoke with him: "Mr. Hale, your grandfather was born in 1752, took his second degree at Harvard College in 1782, was ordained in 1782, resigned in 1792, and died in 1802. You were born in 1822, and will take your second degree in 1842." All these coincidences — a little forced, as the reader may observe — connected me with the number "two," but also connected me with my grandfather Everett. He seems to have been a very amiable and, I should think, public-spirited man. He was the minister of the church which old people remember as Dr. Kirkland's, Mr. Young's, and Mr. Tilden's church, which was burned down in the Boston fire. I believe he was a patriotic, thoughtful, and even learned man, very much loved by his parishioners. But his health was delicate; and in 1792, as Dr. Pierce said, he retired from the ministry. His brother, Moses Everett, was already the

EDWARD EVERETT

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HOUSE

minister of the First Church in Dorchester; and, as I suppose, it was at his suggestion that Mr. Oliver Everett bought the Oliver house, and removed with his young family there.

In this house two years afterward Edward Everett, afterward Governor of this State, was born; and in 1796 my own mother was born there. So it happened that in all my childhood Dorchester,— with its "Love Lane," with the old burial-ground where "snappers" grew (the *cucubalus* of the botanists), with Dorchester Neck, now South Boston, to which people went for sea-baths in summer,— Dorchester, which started such stories as these, was dear to my infancy. I may say that the first time and the last time I was ever thrown from a horse was when I was six years old and had been taken out on horseback to see my grandfather's house in Dorchester. As I rode in, some boys in South Boston stoned the horse. He ran away, and pitched me off, of which all I recollect is that my legs were not long enough to go into the stirrups, and I was riding with my feet in the leathers of the saddle.

Here the Rev. Oliver Everett died in 1802. I was able last year to purchase a copy of his eulogy on George Washington, a book which I have long been eager to own. It is an interesting tribute to Washington, delivered on the occasion of his death, before a public meeting of the people of Dorchester, and contains one or two anecdotes of Washington which I have never seen anywhere else.

One of the recollections of those early days is that my uncle Alexander Everett, who was older than Edward Everett, was as a young man one of the curators of the Dorchester Free Library, which had been set on foot, as I rather think, by Moses and Oliver Everett. The library was always open on Saturdays; and Mr. Alexander Everett used to tell the story that people would send down for books, and that the messenger would say, "Mother wants two books,— a sermon book and another book." This shows the happy union of secular and religious thought in the community at that time.

Of the after history of this house I wish you would ask some Dorchester boy or girl to give us in some way the detail. I knew it when I was a man as the home of the brothers Richardson, two accomplished and charming gentlemen, who gave their lives, I may say, to horticulture. The garden which they had made behind and around the old house was one of the beautiful, I might say extraordinary, gardens of Boston. I always remember that one of the Richardsons said to me that in certain years, which he named, he had raised four thousand peonies from the seed. It proved that none of the varieties were valuable enough to be maintained, and after three or four years he destroyed all the four thousand, so that he might begin again. It is a fine illustration of a good many things,— of the lavish richness of nature, of the necessity of a law of selection, and of the infinite faith and confidence of man, the child of God, who has to determine to "get the best."

The name of Edward Everett Square must henceforth preserve the memory of the old home. But there are some of us who will recollect it both with joy and with sorrow,— with joy for the happiness of the children who grew up there, with sorrow that a rising generation shall not see with their own eyes how their fathers builded, perhaps, better than they knew.

Edward E. Hale.

THE BIRTHDAY OF DORCHESTER.

THE first shipload of our Dorchester people did not much like it that they were landed at Nantascot instead of somewhere on the banks of Charles River, as they had intended. The place where Captain Squeb insisted on leaving them seemed altogether bleak and inhospitable. They had been seventy days at sea. They were weary and sick, and their cattle were nearly famished. This did not correspond at all to the goodly region that Ralph and Richard Sprague, two honest Dorsetshire men, had spied out for them last year. Besides, there were already "Old Planters" on the spot,— three families, at least; and it did not look as if there would be a living for any more. So they started out exploring, determined to find a location more suitable to their needs.

A company of ten, under Captain Southcote, with Roger Clap as diarist of the expedition, set out for a voyage up the Charles, in a boat borrowed from one of the "Old Planters." They went as far as the present Watertown, where they landed, thinking that they had found the promised land. Here they remained for a day or so, having friendly interviews with the Indians, and looking about for a place of settlement. This spot is still called Dorchester Fields. It is near the site of the United States Arsenal.

In the mean time, however, others of their number had also been on a voyage of discovery, and had found a point of land much nearer Nantascot, which offered fine grazing for their cattle. This they decided to occupy temporarily, intending later to settle permanently at some place on the Charles River. Captain Southcote and his company were recalled, and it was decided to land upon the south side of this desirable neck which the Indians called Mattapannock. The spot has borne the name Old Harbor ever since. They did not, however, "sit down upon" this fine grazing land, but left it for the exclusive use of their cattle. How good the sweet June grass must have seemed to those hungry creatures! After seventy days at sea they needed the touch and the smell and the taste of it to convince them that they had not turned into salt beef.

It was now fully the middle of the week when this removal began, which must have been attended by many difficulties, not to say dangers. Hastily constructed booths of boughs and bark, with tents, were all their shelter. The making of these and the assorting of their scanty household goods must have fully occupied their time until Saturday night. Dr. Harris, in his centennial address, says: "Then they rested from their labors, that they might hallow the Sabbath and unite in praising God who had brought them safely over the ocean and found a place for them to dwell in and furnished a table in the wilderness. They sang a portion of the ninetieth Psalm. It was the Lord's song in a strange land. The air was Freedom, the symphony joyous."

Thou, Lord, hast beene our sure defence,
  Our place of ease and rest,
In all times past, yea, so long since
  As cannot be exprest.

Refresh us with thy mercy soone,
And then our joy shall be:
All times so long as time shall last
In heart rejoyce shall we.

Oh, let thy worke and power appeare
And on thy servants light:
And shew unto thy children deare
Thy glory and thy might.

Lord, let thy grace and mercy stand
On us thy servants thus:
Confirm the workes we take in hand,
Lord, prosper them to us.

This was the 6th of June, O.S., the 17th according to our calendar. It might well be celebrated as the birthday of Dorchester, though it is not probable that the settlers finally decided to remain on this location, and began laying out their town plot before midsummer.

EARLY INDUSTRIES.

THE successful power of old Dorchester was that of masterful men, directing enterprises and pushing economic pursuits. The most noteworthy contribution of New England to the world's history is in her steady application of common sense to the problem of living. We know that a higher principle than mere gain was in the minds of the early settlers, yet there was some common clay in these men and women; and they also hoped to better their condition economically and socially. The early settlers of Dorchester, as we know, evidently were attracted by the salt marshes, which offered food for their cattle, and by the Neponset River, which has been identified with the whole history of Dorchester down to the present day. The country furnished springs, brooks, and water-power which they were not slow to utilize. The swarming myriads of fish were the chief motor in starting the round of exchange. The profit of early corn planting was large, especially when the crop was converted into beaver through trade with the Indians, beaver being in demand for use as currency in all transactions.

Accounts of the early fisheries are meagre; but history says that the future of the country was assured by merchants and traders who came to Dorchester, trained in Dorset, Devon, or elsewhere, and were the first to set up the trade of fishing. In early times Neponset River was full of fish of various kinds, which afforded a large revenue to the early settlers, and contributed in no small degree to the support of the inhabitants through the protracted wars of the last century. In 1634 the General Court granted to Israel Stoughton a right to build a weir below his mill, upon condition that he was to sell the alewives at five shillings per thousand and as much less as he could afford. Of the quantity of alewives then taken we have no account, but from the price we should think them very plenty. In 1681 the town granted Ezra Clap and Thomas Swift liberty to catch fish at Neponset and to make a stage for the purpose. From an old diary of 1769 we extract the following:—

"Caught 2,000 shad one day in the seine."

"Made a large haul of shad. Caught 4,000. Sent 40 barrels to Boston."

"Caught 3,000 shad. Carried 80 barrels to Boston."

Shad was the principal stock in trade, and it is said that the hardy fishermen always waited for moonlight to spread their seines. There was no light upon the Gurnet, and no beacon on the bay to protect the lone fishermen; and they were imperilled by the Indians. Yet they were not daunted in their regular exercise of this industry, which greatly aided in consolidating the settlements on the shore. These old fishermen were born traders, and they have been rightly called "hucksters of the sea."

Without ships, no industries; and, without industries, agriculture would languish,—thought the Dorchester fathers. And we find ship-building carried on in Dorchester from 1640 to 1815. Shallops of thirty or forty tons' burden were built at or near the landing-place called Gulliver's Creek as early as the first year mentioned. In 1693 Enoch Bad-

dock built the ship "Mary and Sarah," receiving for the same $2,700. Some of the vessels here built lasted into the present century.

When farming was established, and wheat and maize plentiful enough to require mills for grinding, the primitive mortars borrowed from the Indians gave place to millstones driven by wind and water. Dorchester claims the first water mill, built by Israel Stoughton, and in the autumn of 1634 the waters of the Neponset turned the first wheel ever set upon its shores, and ground the first corn ever ground by water-power in New England. This mill proved of incalculable advantage to the Dorchester Plantation, and gave name and character to the locality.

Before railroads were known and bridges obstructed the passage of the stream, the head of navigation on the Neponset River was a point of no little importance. The centre of trade was a large wholesale and retail store of Daniel Vose, a man of great business activity and capacity; also, a leading man of his day. He seems to have been the factor of the farmers and producers for a wide section of country. Loaded teams bringing in merchandise from country stores made this their terminus, and received in exchange West Indian goods and other commodities. Butter, cheese, eggs, flaxseed, and hoop-poles were the chief articles of traffic; and in return for them the store furnished everything from a hogshead of molasses to a paper of pins. Mr. Vose owned sloops running to Boston, Salem, and Gloucester, to meet the demands of his business and carry the various products of the mills already located. In 1833 navigation on the river reached its greatest extent, when seventy-four vessels of an aggregate size of six thousand tons discharged their freight at the village. Thus on the Neponset River, which now looks so small to us, were started most of the industries which were so important to the welfare of the early inhabitants and have since contributed to the prosperity and wealth of the whole country.

With the dread of the Indian war-whoop at any moment, Dorchester attempted the manufacture of gunpowder in 1675. Randolph claimed that it was as good and strong as the best English powder. This was the first powder-mill in the country.

The rolling and slitting mill in Dorchester was an important industrial link, when the human hand did most of the work now done by automatic machinery. The mill took the bar iron, rolled it into a ribbon, then slit it into rods, which the farmer bought, and, while sitting by his kitchen fire, hammered it into nails. The slitting process was a secret jealously guarded by the craft; but a man by the name of Hashian Thomas disguised himself, and hung around the mills, and, when the workmen were at dinner, stole the principles of the machinery, and built a machine for himself.

A new enterprise, small in pounds, but large in power, was the establishment of the first paper-mill. In the year 1750 Thomas Hancock, Mr. Deering, and other gentlemen of Boston, desirous to introduce the manufacture of paper into the province, erected a mill in Dorchester, procured utensils and such workmen as could be obtained, but, after a few years of experimenting, found it a losing business, ceased operations, and sold the mill for a small sum to Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of Milton. It remained unoccupied till about the year 1760, when Mr. Boies, who married Mr. Smith's daughter, found an Englishman who understood the business and who made a success of it. In those days there were no junk men to collect rags. The mill-owners advertised that they would be in Boston on Saturday mornings at a certain store, and would purchase rags. The women and boys came on those days, bringing their rag bags and selling to the manufacturer. The great-grandsons of Mr. Boies are running a paper-mill on the same spot. There are about as many rags

used at the present mill in one day as Mr. Boies used in a year. In connection with the advertisement for rags appeared the following bit of poetry, published in the Boston *News Letter* in 1769: —

"Rags are beauties which concealed lie;
But, when in Paper, how it charms the eye!
Pray, save your rags, new beauties to discover;
For of paper truly every one's a lover.
By Pen and Press such knowledge is displayed
As wouldn't exist if Paper was not made.
Wisdom of things mysterious, divine,
Illustriously doth on Paper shine."

In the fall of 1764 a wayfarer who seemed to be in distress and in need of sympathy, giving his name as John Hannan, from Ireland, a chocolate-maker by trade, was loitering around the paper-mill. Mr. James Boies carefully investigated his case, and was convinced of his sincerity. He interceded in his behalf, and induced Wentworth & Sons, who at that time were erecting a new mill on the site of the old powder-mill, to make provision for the manufacture of chocolate. This was done; and on the spot where the large chocolate-mills now stand, owned by the late Henry L. Pierce, John Hannan, in the spring of 1765, made the first chocolate manufactured in this country.

In 1798 Benjamin Crehore, who was born in Milton, was assisting in getting up machinery and appliances of the stage for the play of "Forty Thieves," which was soon to be introduced in Boston. His inventive skill was so admired by the leader of the orchestra that he applied to him to repair his broken bass-viol. Mr. Crehore undertook the job, and is said to have improved the tone of the instrument. This resulted in his beginning the manufacture of bass-viols, the first ever made in this country, and said to rival those imported. One of them at the present time is in the possession of Mr. John Preston, of Hyde Park. In the early part of this century a good deacon of Dorchester was visiting at Thomaston, Me., and, being quite musical, was trying the big bass-viol belonging to his friend. He remarked, "What a fine-toned instrument this is!" "Yes," said his friend, "we prize it very highly for its tone and its great antiquity; but we don't know just how old it is." This led the deacon to look it over very carefully; and, looking through the opening in front, he discovered a small paper within, which read, "Ben Crehore, maker, Milton." And this gave, approximately, the desired date. Mr. Crehore's reputation in the musical world of that day caused all sorts of disabled musical instruments to flow into his shop for repairs. Among these was a piano. After analyzing it and mastering its movements, he entered upon the manufacture of pianos. The first piano in this country was made by Benjamin Crehore, in Milton.

Upon the eastern branch of the Neponset River, Paul Revere, of Revolutionary notoriety, established the first copper works in America in 1801, for the making of brass guns, bells, etc. It is probable that the bell which now rings in the Second Church, Dorchester, was there cast. He made two bells for the Second Church. The first one having cracked, he cast a second one, which has withstood the wear of time till now. The bill for the same, signed by Paul Revere, is now in the possession of the church.

The manufacture of rum in Dorchester was a large factor in the movement of trade. The lumbermen and fisher-folk demanded a strong stimulant to offset their heavy diet

THE NEPONSET, *from Central Ave. Bridge*

THE NEPONSET MEADOWS *Looking Towards Quincy*

THE OLD MILL ON NEPONSET RIVER, *Near Mattapan*

NEPONSET RIVER

DOWN THE NEPONSET *Towards Lower Mills*

MEETING OF THE WATERS, NEPONSET RIVER *Lower Mills*

of pork and Indian corn. At the present day it is hardly called a necessity; but our good old fathers could not raise a building, hang a bell, or gather the harvest without it. We find one of the old merchants advertising his goods in the following poetic strain: —

"Lay out your dollar when you come,
And you shall have a glass of rum";

and then, with a keen eye to business, adds: —

"N.B.— Since man to man is so unjust,
'Tis hard to say whom I can trust.
I've trusted many, to my sorrow:
Pay me to-day, I'll trust to-morrow."

The woman who finds so much enjoyment in playing whist (if she lives in Dorchester) should have the added pleasure of knowing that the first playing cards ever manufactured in this country were made in Dorchester. She can also remember, as she enjoys her chocolate and fancy cracker at the club tea, that they were both first manufactured in Dorchester.

Weaving and spinning were done at home. The young women realized fifty cents a week, as they went from house to house with their hand-looms. Those who owned silk-looms must have been especially skilled in the art.

The War of 1812 created a great demand for broadcloth and satinets; and, to meet this, a large stone mill was erected for the manufacture of woollen cloth and chocolate. The manufacture of the broadcloths and satinets continued for some five years; and, as the demand decreased, the woollen part of the mill was shut down.

So many things were first manufactured in Dorchester that the rest of the world is under obligations to prove that any good thing was first made anywhere else.

Elizabeth W. Hazard.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

AS early as June 15, 1775, the Committee of Safety had recommended that one or more of the hills of Dorchester should be occupied and fortified by the patriot army, but it was not until the following March that Washington and his generals found it possible to undertake this important work.

By this time Colonel Henry Knox had brought in a good supply of siege-guns and powder and ball. Many of these heavy guns had been dragged on sledges from Ticonderoga, at the cost of tremendous toil and hardship. But their value in the events which were to follow more than justified the effort of getting them to Cambridge.

In council of war Quartermaster-General Mifflin advocated the 4th of March as the time to seize and fortify Dorchester Heights, saying that, the next day being the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, "it would have a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the troops." The movement was decided upon; and Generals Ward, Thomas, Spencer, and Mifflin were put in charge of it.

Directly after this council Washington writes, "I am preparing to take post on Dorchester Heights, to try if the enemy will be so kind as to come out to us," and "I should think, if anything will induce them to hazard an engagement, it will be our attempt to fortify these heights, as, on that event's taking place, we shall be able to command a great part of the town and almost the whole harbor, and to make them rather disagreeable than otherwise." Among Washington's general orders at this time was one forbidding card-playing among officers and soldiers. The service of God and the country was deemed too serious business at this crisis to be mixed up with any sort of levity or immorality.

Out in the Roxbury camp there was tremendous bustle of preparation for the new movement. Immense quantities of "screwed" (baled) hay were brought in carts. Oxen and every sort of implement for intrenching were being collected. Barrels and hogsheads were filled with earth and stones. Months before, Mifflin had sent a lieutenant and thirty-six men out to the farm of John Homans, in Milton, to cut silver birch and swamp-brush and bind them into fascines. The canny quartermaster-general had thought such things might be handy to have around. So now they are all ready; and he sends John Boies, of Dorchester, and Mr. Goddard, of Brookline, to bring them in.

At sunset on March 2 a furious cannonading was directed against the British ships in the harbor, from Somerville, Roxbury, and East Cambridge, to distract attention from the movement toward Dorchester Heights. This was kept up during the 3d and 4th; and it was about seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th when the expedition started, under command of General Thomas. First came eight hundred troops, then three hundred wagons bearing the spades, crowbars, hatchets, hammers, and nails. Straw was strewn along the road to muffle the sound of the wheels. Then came the main body of the troops, followed by wagons with bales of hay, the barrels of stones and earth, and the heavy siege-guns.

This procession reached the Heights quietly and in perfect order, and there found Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, who had already marked out the plan

of fortification. Digging was out of the question, for the ground was frozen eighteen inches deep. Therefore, the defences were made entirely of hay, barrels of earth and stones, with fascines and chandeliers. At the base of the Heights were chevaux-de-frise made of the apple-trees of the neighborhood. Colonel Samuel Pierce, of Dorchester, was there with his men; and he writes in his diary as follows: "March 4. Our people went on to Dorchester Neck and built two forts in the same night, and there was 380 teems and about 5,000 men,—the most work don that ever was don in one night in New England."

When the morning of the 5th dawned, Howe and his officers rubbed their eyes with amazement. It seemed to them that at least twelve thousand of the rebels must have been at work to have accomplished so much in one night. It was certain that these busy patriots had "don" altogether too much for Boston to be any longer a comfortable nest for British troops, unless these fortifications could be captured. An attack was planned, but was not carried out; and with every hour the American position grew stronger. Nook's Hill, still nearer to Boston than the first location, was next seized and fortified. By the 8th of March Howe had decided to leave Boston, and sent word under a flag of truce that he would go without destroying the city if his troops were not fired upon. By the 17th he had gotten his eight thousand troops and some nine hundred Tory citizens of Boston on shipboard, and had started for Halifax. But he left behind two hundred cannon, an immense quantity of muskets, military stores of many kinds, and ten times as much powder and ball as Washington's army had ever seen before. Boston and New England were freed from the presence of the enemy by this one great stroke, which had cost the patriots not more than twenty lives.

THE DORCHESTER WOMEN'S CLUB.

THE closing years of this nineteenth century are rich with significance to the feminine portion of the present generation, as bringing in their train the inspiration of union among women, and of organization adapted to the needs of differing environments. In the staid and settled old towns of Massachusetts, under the rigor of encrusted social order, homes were as isolated, in any large and sympathetic sense, as though stretches of virgin forest still rendered them remote and inaccessible; and the spontaneous rapidity which the club movement among women obtained in our own State and throughout the breadth of the land in the early nineties proved convincingly the anxious desire of busy women to shake off the fetters of absurd convention, and to meet other busy women on common ground, where counsel might be taken together on all things near to women's minds and hearts.

A little spark was lighted, in 1892, in the Harvard Street section of Dorchester, which flamed among the kindling in all the prim little corners of our formal old town; and, lo! within three months three hundred eager women were conferring together, and perfecting an organization which should be broad, simple, and elastic. Twice since then has the limit of membership been advanced, and to-day five hundred women stand enrolled as willing workers in and faithful supporters of the Dorchester Woman's Club. Successive boards of officers, changing in wise progression, have maintained the custom first established, and presented annually sixteen programs, stimulating to the thought, the sympathies, or the artistic sense of the attending members, and catering at times to their palates as well, since even women grow wondrous open-hearted over their teacups. For several seasons a succession of evening meetings has enabled the Club to dispense its hospitality to the querying, sometimes sceptical, but ever curious husbands, fathers, and brothers of its members. As a natural evolution, kindred tastes and needs have resulted in kindred researches; and many classes have formed, fulfilled their respective missions, and disbanded. A guild of singers, however, has become a permanent joy and credit to the Club; and a company of delvers after antiquarian lore, growing larger and more enthusiastic with each passing year, has frequently contributed for its pleasure such store of studious acquirement as to make it justly proud.

The policy of the Club has been ever one of helpful suggestion to its members and of sympathetic communion and free-hearted recreation among them. Not until the project of a club home, which had been cherished from the earliest days, began slowly to take tangible shape did the strength of the organization become active

1853

1891

LUCY STONE HOMESTEAD

DORCHESTER WOMANS CLUB HOUSE

THE SUITE OCCUPIED BY THE LOCAL HISTORY CLASS
SHOWING THE CLASS AND OFFICERS

MAIN ENTRANCE HALL TO CLUB HOUSE
SHOWING A PORTION OF THE HALL WITH STAGE AT THE RIGHT

DORCHESTER WOMANS CLUB

and apply itself vigorously to the prosecution of earnest and sustained work. Amid perplexing problems, not the least of which was the handling of business details in a club of the nature already described, a Siamese twin, in the shape of a new corporation, was evolved, which should bear the burden and the responsibility, conduct necessary business with its own board of directors, attend to the burning questions of capital and revenue, and provide for the Club "all the comforts of a home" for a stated annual rental. Through a happy combination of bubbling enthusiasm and fortunate ignorance of legislative delays, the new corporation obtained from an indulgent General Court, out of due season, a special charter, authorizing a lower price on the stock than statute law permitted. By its by-laws the union with the Club was at once made absolute, since active, past, and prospective club members were alone eligible to the new corporation, and the Club itself, in its corporate capacity, was made the only unlimited stockholder. As the capital was gradually amassed, the most timid and cautious women became venturesome; and a building was finally determined upon, which should fill a long-felt want, in the trite phrase, and become a boon to all Dorchester citizens, as well as to the Club.

The Club-house, designed by a Dorchester architect, constructed by a Dorchester builder, owned and managed by Dorchester women, is surely a representative Dorchester institution. And the club members derive no small satisfaction from the thought that in seven brief years of association they have evolved from

"Airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

HARRIET E. BEAN.

LUCY STONE.

LUCY STONE made her home in Dorchester from 1870 to 1893, and was president, until her death, of the Dorchester Woman Suffrage League.

Born at West Brookfield, Mass., in 1818, a farmer's daughter, often going barefoot to drive the cows, by starlight before dawn, she grew up a vigorous, fearless child, eager for education, and especially desirous to go to college and study Greek and Hebrew, to see whether the texts enjoining the subjection of women were correctly translated. She was the first woman in Massachusetts to take a college degree. To get it, she had to go to Oberlin, then the only college that admitted girls. She picked berries and chestnuts, and sold them to buy books, and taught district schools, studying and teaching alternately. It took her nine years to earn the money to take her to Oberlin. She worked her way through college, partly by teaching, partly by doing housework in the ladies' boarding hall at three cents an hour. She graduated with credit in 1847, and began the same year to lecture on woman's rights and the abolition of slavery.

During the next ten years she lectured widely through the United States and Canada to immense audiences, drawn together by curiosity to hear a woman, and held by her rare eloquence and the singular sweetness of her voice. Often she put up the posters for her own meetings, with a little package of tacks and a stone picked up from the street. Sometimes she was pelted. Once she was almost stunned by a hymn-book hurled at her head. On another occasion she was played upon with cold water through a hose. But, when she could gain a hearing, the charm of her personality almost always won her audience; and mobs would often listen to her when they howled down every other speaker.

In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell, a young merchant of Cincinnati, an active abolitionist and advocate of woman's rights. He had heard her speak at the Boston State House, in 1853, with Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, at a hearing in support of a woman suffrage petition, headed by Louisa Alcott's mother; and he had determined then to marry her, if possible. She regarded the loss of a wife's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality. Eminent lawyers, including Ellis Gray Loring and Samuel E. Sewall, told her there was no law requiring a wife to change her name, it was only a custom; and the Chief Justice of the United States gave her his unofficial opinion to the same effect. Accordingly, with her husband's full approval, she kept her own name.

It would be impossible even to summarize here the vast amount of work that Mrs. Stone did, all through her life, in behalf of equal rights for women. In 1869, with William Lloyd Garrison, George William Curtis, Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and others, she organized the American Woman Suffrage Association, and was chairman of its Executive Committee for nearly twenty years. She always craved, not the post of prominence, but the post of work.

Most of the money with which the *Woman's Journal* was started, in 1870, was raised

by her efforts. When Mrs. Livermore resigned the editorship in 1872, Mrs. Stone and Mr. Blackwell took charge of it, and carried it on thereafter.

Mrs. Stone was a small woman, with a low voice, calm and gentle manners, and a face beaming with motherliness. She was one of the most beloved citizens of Dorchester; and when, in 1893, she passed away, one who had been her lifelong opponent said that the death of no woman in America had ever called out so wide-spread a tribute of respect and esteem.

Alice Stone Blackwell.

THE OLDEST APPLE-TREES.

ONE of the early happenings in Dorchester whose fruits we can directly enjoy to-day was the planting of an apple orchard at Fox Point by Edward Bullock, "husbandman," as he was called. He came to Dorchester in 1635, and returned to England in 1649, "having by the providence of God a calling and determination to do so with all expedicon." Some of these ancient trees are now in bearing and are of great size, one of them being eight feet in circumference.

In all probability these are the oldest apple-trees in New England, if not in America. They stand upon the land of Mr. James H. Stark, of Savin Hill.

TWO OR THREE CLUBS.

FOR many years the Old Dorchester Club had its rooms near Field's Corner; but in 1892 the demand for larger and better quarters brought about a reorganization, and the building of the present club-house on the corner of Pleasant and Pearl Streets. This building was completed and occupied in November of that year. Mr. William B. Bird was president at the time. Much interest was felt in the club by the best people of Dorchester, and shortly after the opening of the new club-house the membership was increased from two hundred to two hundred and fifty. Since then the club has been very prosperous socially and financially. Outwardly the building is very attractive, and within it is all that can be desired for beauty and utility. In the large and handsome parlors, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, and banquet halls, together with four spacious bowling alleys and the fine concert hall, the members find every facility for social enjoyment.

The success of the Old Dorchester Club has been in its management and the harmony between officers and members. Mr. William B. Bird continued to be its president during 1893 and 1894. In 1895 Mr. Thomas F. Temple was president; in 1896, Colonel Andrew M. Benson; in 1897 and 1898, Mr. Frank Huckins. The president now is the Hon. L. C. Southerd.

The club does not selfishly confine its privileges to men. The great upper hall has been the scene of many entertainments, lectures, and concerts to which members have brought their families. Ladies are always welcome to the parlors on the second floor arranged for their use, to the banquet hall, and to the ladies' bowling alley. As a means of bringing together citizens of Dorchester's wide-spread territory who would become acquainted in no other way, this club has been a great benefit.

One of the well-known Dorchester clubs is the Athena, which is composed of seventy-five wide-awake "bachelor maids." The penalty imposed upon members for leaving the state of single blessedness is, by the constitution of the club, transfer to associate membership. It is only fair to say, however, that in its short life a number have not been deterred from incurring this heavy penalty.

The club was organized in February, 1897, with a nucleus of twenty-five charter members, the object being to draw together a circle of the younger Dorchester women for mutual improvement and enjoyment, and to encourage the spirit of friendliness, as well as to contribute a share to the progress of the community. In October, 1897, it was enrolled as a member of the State Federation. Its meetings are held the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month in the parlors of the Dorchester Woman's Club-house, when original papers are read by members or lectures are given by outside talent, with an occasional evening devoted to music or to some social form of entertainment.

The club has very fittingly chosen the name of the Greek goddess, adopting her as its presiding genius, and the owl as its emblem.

The president is Miss May C. Spencer; recording secretary, Miss Stella E. Weaver.

The Chickatawbut Club came into the world with a mission ; and it is not a discredit to the club to say that its success, much as it has accomplished, has been but partial. Its mission was the purification of politics, and the club was conceived during the municipal campaign of 1888. It was born in a car of the New York & New England Railroad, somewhere between Boston and Harvard Street, its parents being its first president, the late W. Fred Whitcomb, and its first secretary and subsequent president, Charles C. Taft. It was named by the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, and christened at the Boston Tavern on Feb. 23, 1889, fourteen witnesses being present. There were at first but thirteen, but the entire party refused to be seated until the hedges were beaten for a fourteenth guest to nullify such sinister influence as might otherwise obtain. The name is derived from the chief of the tribe of Indians which, at the advent of Dorchester's first settlers, dwelt on the banks of the Neponset.

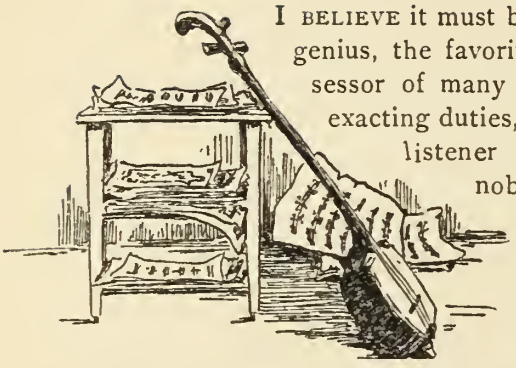
The club's first officers were W. Fred Whitcomb, president ; Charles C. Taft secretary ; Charles H. Nute, treasurer. Its later presidents have been Frank E. Brigham, Henry F. Howe, Edmund F. Snow, Charles C. Taft, Edward Payson Jackson, Henry B. Blackwell, Henry Richardson, and the present president, Charles A. Young. It has had as secretaries Charles C. Taft, Joseph A. E. Stewart, Alpheus Sanford, and the present secretary, A. Warren Gould ; as treasurers, Charles H. Nute, Charles C. Taft, and T. Henry Keenan.

It has had in its membership one former United States senator, and has had as guests and speakers three other United States senators now in office. A frequent guest and speaker has been the present Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long. A list of those who have spoken before the club in its more than ten years of life would include all of the local candidates for office, most of the clergymen, all of the governors and lieutenant governors, and most of the higher State officers and men and women of national and international reputation in politics, art, science, and letters. It is a man's club, but has held annual ladies' nights, many of which have been affairs of great brilliancy, the wives of governors, congressmen, and senators, and women famous for their own work, gracing the occasions. First and last, almost every prominent man in Dorchester, who was also a Republican, has belonged to the famous Chickatawbut Club.

No article on the Chickatawbut Club would, however, be complete without special mention of its first president, Mr. William Fred Whitcomb, who died in harness shortly after the club organized, whose loss was an irreparable one to the club, and who was deeply mourned by thousands, irrespective of everything but the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Whitcomb died in the early prime of life, a man of exemplary habits in every walk of life. His death called out the most profound and touching tributes of esteem ; and his last and special pride, the Chickatawbut Club, has each year appointed a committee to place flowers on his grave on the nation's Decoration Day.

THE DORCHESTER SYMPHONY.



I BELIEVE it must be widely known that Dorchester is the home of musical genius, the favorite resting-place of great talent and the fortunate possessor of many gifts. Here Art has come, with its high ideals, its exacting duties, and its unspeakable pleasures, to uplift the responsive listener until, at length, he shall have the masters and their noblest works among his daily thoughts.

It is only through the earnestness of purpose and splendid enthusiasm of Mr. Charles McLaughlin (the director) that an orchestra of which we may well feel proud has been brought together here. It is composed of the best amateurs and the most solid and steadfast lovers of the highest in art. Its aims are: to bring us into a long-desired intimacy with the composers whose names have hitherto been more familiar than their works; to do them thorough justice and attain perfection of expression, interpretation, and technique; and to present the finest available soloists (of both instrumental and vocal music), giving opportunities to young artists of real merit, regardless of a lack of public recognition; to work not selfishly for the private love of working, but for the public sharing of the worth that becomes greater according to the encouragement and appreciation which it receives.

> "The mother hopes her soldier son will be
> A hero; and a hero she beholds,
> Born of the brave, and flattered heart of youth."

Because our listeners, directors, and friends have anticipated success for our splendid labor, the result has been far better than if we had toiled unaided and appreciated. Music, talent, and genius will always live; but they must be fed and cared for, and treated with consideration and sympathy.

The first meeting of the Dorchester Symphony Society was held at Winthrop Hall, Saturday, Nov. 6, 1897. Among those present were Mr. C. F. Kittredge, Miss Emily Robinson, Miss Myrick, Miss Isabelle Robinson, Dr. J. A. Tanner, and Mr. George Virtue. A board of management was chosen, and Mr. Charles McLaughlin was elected conductor. Subscription papers were circulated in the many districts of Dorchester, and one hundred and fifty names were volunteered without hesitation.

The first rehearsal was held November 16. A set of purely amateur performers was procured; and, after five rehearsals, the first concert was given. The program included a Haydn symphony, overture, Son the Stranger, of Mendelssohn, three dances by Edward German, a piano solo by Miss Gertrude Thayer, and a violin solo by M. Wier, the concertmaster.

It was remarkable how successfully Mr. McLaughlin commanded his young volunteers, and what good results he secured from the few hours that had been earnestly spent in trying to bring their promising talents toward the unity that would best express every phrase and meaning of the wisely chosen music.

Four concerts, each one better than the last, were given the first season; and by general request an extra concert was given at the end, which was enthusiastically received, the orchestra playing more and more as one perfect instrument. The reputation of the Symphony began to spread through the musical world, and critics came from the city of Gericke to hear for themselves. Said the Boston *Transcript:*—

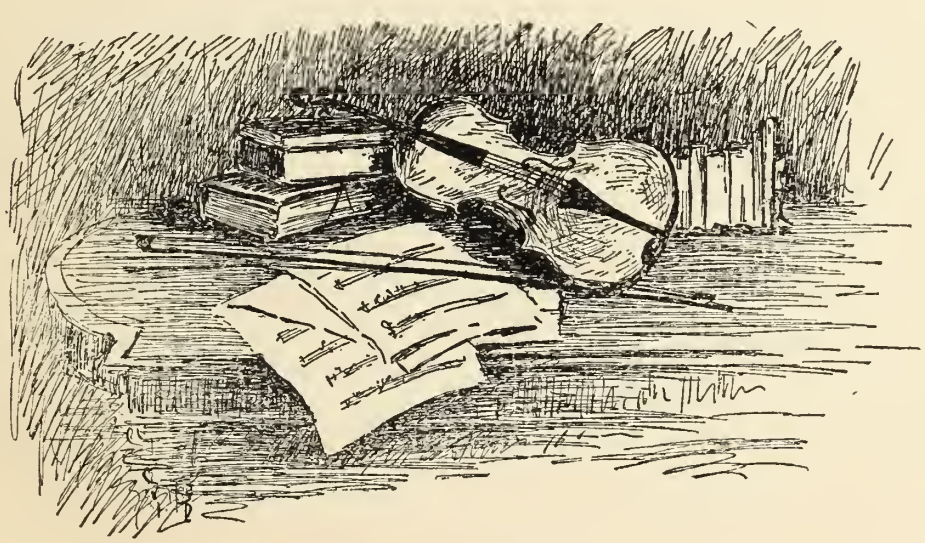
"To say that the orchestra has improved inadequately expresses the rapid progress the active members have made under their leader, Mr. Charles McLaughlin. The Schubert symphony in B minor was a surprise to all, being played with an unusual breadth of expression, and, something rare in amateur orchestras, in almost perfect harmony." (April 6, 1898.)

. . . . . .

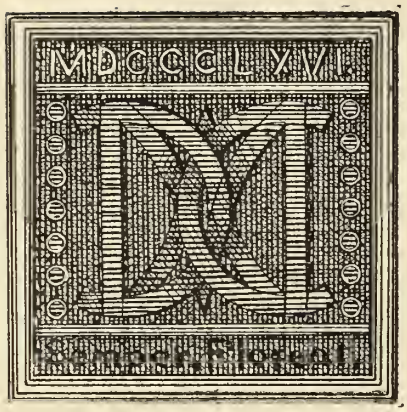
On January 5, with many improvements and an enlarged orchestra, the second season was opened before a flattering audience of interested subscribers. The second concert was given on February 9, with Mr. John Turner as soloist. At the third concert of the season, M. Carl Treiber, the first 'cellist, and one of the best amateurs of the city, made a lasting impression with his solo work in Volkmann's Serenade. The fourth and last concert was perhaps the most ambitious effort of the society,— a Mozart symphony, (the Jupiter), the ballet music from Rosamunde of Schubert, the overture to Idmoneo, by Mozart, the Handel Largo (with solo by Mr. Traupe), and one or two smaller numbers. If Dorchester was not pleased and proud of this program and this concert, it lacked musical feeling and delicacy. I am sure it must have congratulated itself for being the native hearth of so many gifted performers. Mr. McLaughlin was overjoyed to see his dearest hopes approaching fulfilment, and the old hall shook with friendly vibrations.

It is not always a satisfaction to share the experience of a young musical organization, and sometimes there is a feeling of duty more than interest or pleasure in the service we are doing; but, from the very beginning, the members of the Dorchester Symphony Society have not only been interested, but devotedly enthusiastic and proud of the honor of being connected with the growing success of this brave little orchestra.

Coletta Ryan.



THE DORCHESTER MEDICAL CLUB.



The Dorchester Medical Club came into existence on the 25th of July, 1866, at the call of Dr. C. Ellery Stedman, to consider the feasibility of establishing and maintaining a medical society in the town of Dorchester for medical improvement and social enjoyment.

There assembled Drs. Edward Jarvis, E. D. Miller, Henry Blanchard, Benjamin Cushing, W. C. B. Fifield, James S. Greene, and W. S. Everett. Approvals of the enterprise were received from Drs. J. P. Spooner, Jonathan Ware, and C. C. Holmes. These men were the original members and founders of the club.

Of this eleven, three are still living and practising medicine to-day. Eight have ceased from their labors, and have gone where the weary rest, after serving Dorchester faithfully and well, with skill and ability, leaving behind them memories honored and beloved.

Among this number three stand forth conspicuous for their pronounced individuality and sterling worth, as well as for their lives of earnest and untiring devotion to the sick and needy.

Dr. Christopher C. Holmes was a remarkable practitioner of medicine, wise in counsel, brilliant, entertaining, and considered one of the shining lights of the club. He was for many years the Commander of the Cadets.

Dr. William C. B. Fifield was for many years surgeon to the Boston City Hospital, and acquired a widely extended consultation practice. The accuracy of his memory as to what he had read and seen was phenomenal. He gave the club much to think about, and would convulse the members with laughter by his great wit and humor.

Dr. Benjamin Cushing was an example of perfect uprightness of life and character; and to him, as some one has said, "the younger men in the profession owe a debt of gratitude that can only be repaid by imitating the example he set them, and by practising medicine along the lines of high and ennobling virtue and devotion to right principles that he taught in all his counsels and illustrated and exemplified in his life." With a few words he carried more weight than any other member of the club.

As these men formed and constituted the Dorchester Medical Club, so has it been perpetuated and carried on by their successors.

Scientific improvement and a social interchange of friendly and mutual regard have ever marked its meetings. The influence on the profession throughout the community has been especially felt in establishing reciprocal and courteous relations.

The club is composed at present of the following physicians: Drs. C. Ellery Stedman, James S. Greene, Willard S. Everett (the three original members), Robert T. Edes, Daniel D. Gilbert, William P. Bolles, Orville F. Rogers, M. Vassar Pierce, Samuel Crowell, John A. Tanner, David G. Eldridge, Clarence A. Cheever, Henry V. Reynolds, and Henry P. Jaques, honorary member.

Samuel Crowell.

TOLMAN HOU[illegible]
WASHINGTON ST.
LOWER MILLS

C.L. HOUSE, CHURCH ST.
MEETING HOUSE HILL

BADLAM HOUSE RIVER ST Lower Mills.

CRENOUE HOUSE
RIVER ST
Lower Mills

TILESTON HOUSE,
RIVER ST LOWER MILLS

OLD STORE AT LOWER MILLS
FORMERLY BREWER'S STORE, ALSO
TALBOT'S STORE

POPE HOUSE ADAMS ST.

BLACKMAN HOUSE
STOOD ON WASHINGTON ST. HANOVER.

LANDMARKS.

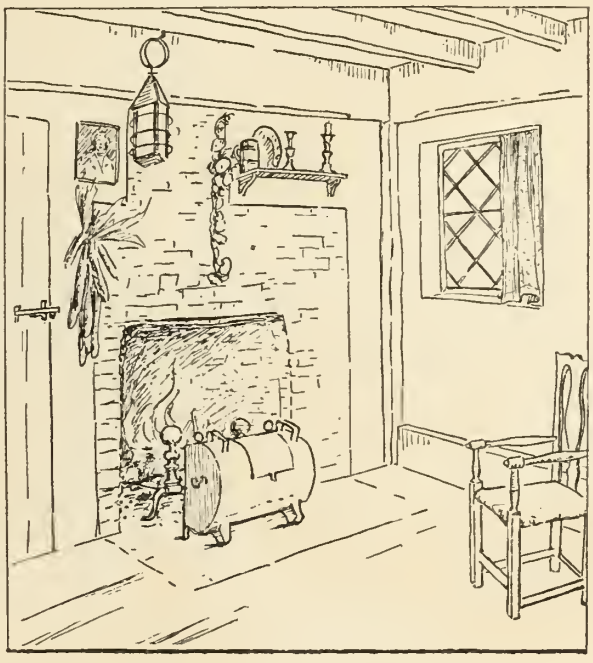
DORCHESTER PLANTATION is one of the oldest settlements in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and the proud position it has maintained is owing largely to the sturdy character of its founders. Plymouth, as we all know, was the first of the New England settlements; and Cape Ann, with Roger Conant and his followers, was the second. When Conant and his men abandoned their enterprise, they went to Naumkeag, and founded Salem. From Salem, Charlestown was settled; but the scarcity of water there, and the representation of William Blaxton of the advantages of Shawmut, where countless springs abounded, caused a diversion in favor of Boston. On September 7 (O. S.), at the second General Court of the Colony at Charlestown,

"It was Ordered, That Trimountain be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and the town upon Charles River, Watertown." This was the official incorporation of the town.

The main settlement was about "Allen's Plain," and close by the first meeting-house and the first school-house were built.

Rock Hill, the Old Hill, now Savin Hill, was selected as a point of vantage, on the crest of which a fort was erected and "great guns" mounted for purposes of defence. Around the hill Roger Ludlow, John Eeles, Richard Baker, Captain John Mason, Richard Leeds, Edward Bullock, and others built their homes. Fox Point received its name at a very early period.

On the slope of the hill is a cellar hole where one of the first houses stood. Off Savin Hill Avenue, near the stone quarry, is the "old Barrack" so long occupied by the Revolutionary soldiers.



Richard Baker's house stood where the Tuttle house now stands, and the great tree in front is said to have grown from a switch planted many years ago by Lois Wiswell.

Jones's Hill, so named from Thomas Jones, one of the first settlers, lies between Pleasant, Stoughton, Freeport, and Hancock Streets. John Wiswell, John Moseley, and Preserved Capen were also among those who built their homes on the hill.

Colonel Israel Stoughton owned a vast estate which extended along Pleasant Street to Savin Hill Avenue. The

homestead descended to his son William, afterward lieutenant governor, and at his death to his nephew Colonel William Tailer, afterward lieutenant governor, who built a wall about the estate from brick brought from the castle.

The house was destroyed during the last century, and the estate is now covered by numerous dwellings.

John Holland settled at Captain's Point, afterward Preston's, now Commercial Point. In 1635 he was authorized by the General Court to establish a ferry between Captain's Point and Newberry's (Billing's) Creek. The distance was so great that it proved unprofitable, and was abandoned. Robert Pierce and George Minot settled in the Neponset section. Richard Collicott settled on Adams Street near Centre, beyond the Milton hill. This house was so far away that it was made a "garrison"

Bark Warwick Cove lies between Freeport and Preston Streets. The vessel was condemned in 1636, and was drawn up in the cove to await orders for repairs. The owners left her there. The upper works gradually rotted and crumbled away, while the hull settled down in the mud, and has not been seen for many years.

When the cellar for Roger Ludlow's house was being dug, some pieces of French money were unearthed, bearing date of the previous century, showing that the settlers were not the first white men to visit these shores.

David Thompson had settled on this island which bears his name, and which had previously been owned by William Trevour.

Squantum from an early period had been a most important trading-place of the Indians. The Massachusetts Fields south of the Neponset had been the planting ground of the tribe. Here every spring they sowed their corn, fished in the bay, subsisting on the food they drew from the sea. When the Indian summer came, they gathered the corn, cured their fish, laying in stores for the winter encampments in the forests along the Blue Hill range.

Chickatawbut, the Neponset chief, proved a friendly ally. His son Josias was a strong friend of the colonists.

The Indians disappeared long ago, but countless relics have been dug up at Squantum and at Mennen's moon (Moon Island).

The first houses built by the settlers were rude cabins that long since have passed away. Of the colonial homesteads a few remain. Among the oldest is the house of Barnard Capen, which was erected some time prior to 1637. It stands on the upper road (now Washington Street), opposite Melville Avenue. It is but slightly altered, and is in a splendid state of preservation. The home of Captain Roger Clap still stands in Willow Court, off Boston Street. It was enlarged by Captain Lemuel Clap in 1767. Willow Court took its name from the massive willow-trees that lined the roadway to the house; but they have been destroyed in the march of progress, and only decayed stumps remain.

The Humphreys house stands on the corner of Dudley and Humphreys Streets. The estate has been in possession of the family since 1634. Though the house has been greatly enlarged and improved, a part of the first building is said to be enclosed within its walls. This house is one of the best known in the town, and is in a fine state of preservation, and is still occupied by one of the Humphreys.

The Blake house, built previous to 1650 by Elder James Blake, has been removed from its original site on East Cottage Street, and now stands in one corner of Richardson Park, and is the home of the Dorchester Historical Society.

WALTER BAKER MANSION

HUMPHREYS HOUSE

SWAN HOUSE

ROGER CLAP

ROBERT PIERCE

Another of the old landmarks is the home of Robert Pierce, now standing on Oak Avenue, just off Adams Street, on the lower road. It was probably erected previous to 1640, the central portion being the oldest. The earliest addition was on the west side, the last on the east. It has always been owned and occupied by his descendants, and to-day it still remains the old Pierce homestead. Robert Pierce held grants of land at Pine Neck and in the "Great Lots," and it is supposed that he previously built a cabin at Pine Neck which he occupied for a few years. The site of the house was well known, as the cellar was visible for many years; and the old well still remains. It is near the Neponset railroad station, in what is now known as Port Norfolk. His nearest neighbor on the hill was George Minot, who built his house on adjoining land.

The exact date of the erection of the Minot House is not known, but it is certain that it was among the oldest in the town. Josselyn, writing in 1663, mentioned it among others; and the Minot family place the date about 1640. The house was situated on Chickatawbut Street, and was built by George Minot, one of the first settlers of the town, a deputy to the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay and a ruling elder of the church for many years. The land which has been known as Squantum was also a portion of his estate.

The Minot house was typical of the construction of those early days, a wooden building, with its frame solidly filled with bricks that were brought from England. At the east end of the house the third story overhung the others, and was probably so built as a means of defence in case of an attack by the Indians. So solidly was this house built that it withstood the effects of time, yielding only to the flames which destroyed it in November, 1874.

This property has always been owned by the Minot family, having been handed down through the eldest surviving son in each generation from George Minot to the present owner, Charles Henry Minot.

George Minot was a contemporary of Elder Humphreys, and it is said that the following lines were to be seen in the Old Burying Ground: —

> "Here lies the bodies of Unite Humphreys and Shining Minot.
> Such names as these they never die not."

The Bridgham house, which was built some time previous to 1640, stood on Cottage Street, near Humphreys and Franklin Streets. It was destroyed in 1873.

Of the Provincial houses the Taylor house, where Perez Morton lived, stood on Dudley Street, opposite Howard Avenue. It was one of the elegant mansions of Dorchester, in the midst of spacious grounds in which had grown lofty elms. As the home of the attorney-general, it was the scene of many brilliant gatherings.

The Everett house was built about 1770 by Robert Oliver. The Rev. Oliver Everett resided in this house in 1782; and in 1794 Edward Everett, his son, Dorchester's most brilliant orator, was born. This house has recently been destroyed.

The Welles house was occupied in 1784 by General Henry Knox, and afterward by Daniel Webster. The Henry L. Pierce School stands on its site. Directly opposite was the home of Major Withington. This house was torn down in 1870.

The Swan mansion was on Dudley Street, and was built over one hundred years ago. Colonel James Swan was an active patriot in the Revolution, and afterward Adjutant-General of the State. He journeyed to France some years after the close of the war,

embarking in numerous enterprises, in which he accumulated a fortune. In 1808 he was involved in a law-suit; and, judgment being found against him, he was imprisoned twenty-two years. He resisted the claim because he considered it unjust, though he could have paid it at any time; but he would not deviate from his fixed principles. He lived but a short time after his release.

This was another mansion house in which hospitality was dispensed with a lavish hand. Colonel Swan was in Paris during the French Revolution, and secured many articles of furniture, draperies, paintings, and fixtures from the palaces, which afterward adorned his home. The house had a "Marie Antoinette Room"; and, like the Deacon House of Boston, which had a similar room, it brought ill-fortune to the owner.

The Walter Baker mansion on Washington Street, at the corner of Park, was built about 1750. It was first occupied by Lieutenant Governor Oliver. Colonel Benjamin Hichborn bought the house after the Revolution, and occupied it until he died, in 1817. In it he entertained some of the leading men of the country. It became the property of Mr. James Penniman, and from him Walter Baker purchased the house. It was occupied as a residence by his family until 1891. The house is now unoccupied.

The home of John Dolbear still stands on Washington Street, south of the car station. It was built by Isaac Royall, Sr., early in the last century.

The Governor Gardner house stood on Pleasant Street, on the easterly slope of Jones's Hill, and was built sometime prior to the Revolution. It was a near neighbor of the Appleton house, which still stands on Pleasant Street.

It will be impossible in this article to speak of all the old houses now standing. But among them are the George Pierce house on Adams Street, opposite Minot; the S. S. Pierce house on Marsh Street; the Bicknell house on Minot Street, which formerly stood on the upper road and is only a part of the original structure; and the Pope house on Adams Street, near Codman. The Codman house stands on Codman Hill, off Washington Street. The Ball Hughes house is at the corner of Washington and School Streets. At the Lower Mills are the Tolman, Tileston, Frost, Crehore, Bispham, Badlam houses, Brewer's store, and other houses near by.

The Blackman house stood on Washington Street, near Harvard, and was destroyed many years ago. On Bowdoin Street a part of the old house which stood on the Governor Bowdoin estate — removed a short distance from its original site — still stands. The Davenport house and the Topliff house are on the same street; and where the Parochial School now stands was the home of Judge Cummins, a quaint picture of which is seen in the illustrations. The Bird house is on Columbia Road, near the burying-ground; and several of the homes of the Clap family are on Boston Street.

Mattapannock, or Dorchester Neck (now South Boston), is the historic portion of the old town. When the Revolution broke out, ten or more families resided there, who left their homes when the siege of Boston was fairly on. In the winter of 1776 the town of Boston was surrounded by a cordon of forts, extending from Winter Hill to Dorchester. The final struggle was near at hand when the British held the town and castle with batteries at the Green Store, near Dover and Washington Streets, and another battery between Dedham and Canton Streets. Early in February General Howe gathered information which led him to believe that the Americans were about to fortify Foster's, or Nook's, Hill. In the early morning of February 14 an attack was ordered. A detachment was to move from the Green Store battery — with another from the castle to drive

BICKNELL HOUSE, Minot St.

OLD CUMMINGS HOUSE

HOWE HOUSE, Willow Court.

REVOLUTIONARY BARRACK.

CODMAN HOUSE

TUTTLE HOUSE, Savin Hill

MINOT HOUSE

CLAP HOUSE, Boston St.

in the guard — to destroy every house and building and all material for defensive purposes that could be found. They crossed on the ice, captured six of the guard with a non-combatant, and destroyed six dwelling-houses and nine barns. The main body of the guard retired to their encampment near Savin Hill, while the regulars returned to the castle.

Of the houses destroyed by the British, the finest was the home of Captain James Foster, which was occupied by his widow Mary and her children. It stood on the lot on E Street (near Fourth), where the Congregational church (now Grand Army Hall) stands. This was the first house built on the Neck. It was erected in 1673–74 by James Foster, the eldest son of Captain Hopestill Foster.

The next house was that of Oliver Wiswall, which stood on the site of the Bird School-house. Another, occupied by Hopestill Withington, stood on Sixth Street, between I and K. The widow Ruth Bird occupied a house on G Street, near Fifth. James Blake occupied the second house, built in 1681, and his brother Samuel another. Both houses stood near what is now Broadway and P Street.

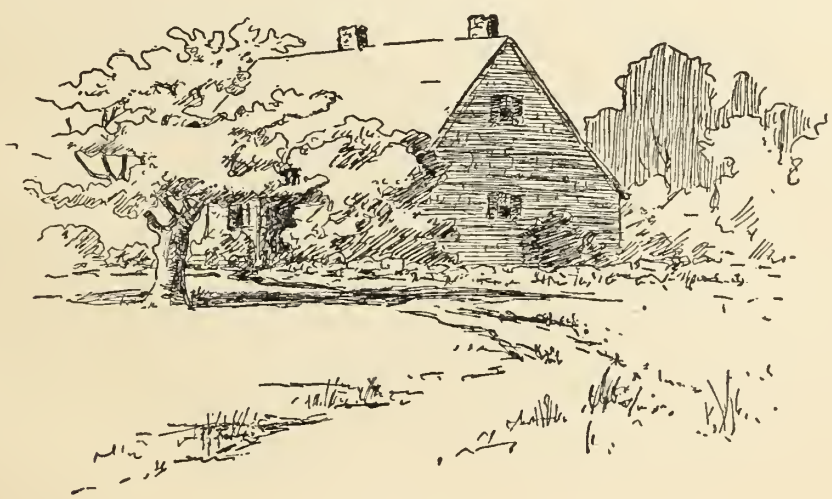
In the list of houses is a house, barn, and stable of Francis Bernard, the location of which is unknown. For these facts in relation to these houses we are indebted to the researches of Francis E. Blake, Esq.

The Old Harbor is being improved by the construction of the Strandway.

The Town Landing, so called, was east of Dorchester Avenue, opposite Creek Street. The way can be traced in part, though it has been built on to some extent and the construction of the railroad and the improved sewerage mains have destroyed the greater part of the old creek.

Bray Wilkins established a ferry between Davenport's Creek on the Neponset side to the ridge at Sling Point. The way to the ferry (Marsh Street), one of the oldest streets of the town, is now but little used. The landing place is not easily accessible, but traces of the landing and ferry way are yet visible.

EDWARD W. MCGLENEN.



INSTITUTIONS.

THERE are within the limits of Dorchester more institutions for the administration of wise benevolence than can be described in this brief article. When one looks through a list of the charitable and beneficent institutions of Boston, he is amazed at their number and variety. Of these Dorchester has its full share.

No one knows better than the experienced worker among the poor how valuable is the "ounce of prevention" administered to boys and girls in the form of industrial training.

The Industrial School for Girls, founded in 1853, is on Centre Street. Girls from ten to fifteen years old are received here, and trained to good conduct and habits of self-support. Parents or guardians must put them under the entire control of the managers for a fixed time. On leaving the school for service, the girls are generally placed in country families, where they may still be controlled to a certain extent by the managers. Those who are received by the school generally come from homes which have been broken up by the death of one or both the parents, or by desertion, or rendered unfit by drink or crime. The girls attend public school, and are besides thoroughly trained in housework, sewing, etc. Some of these girls, and not always the most tractable, turn out to be very competent and attractive women.

The Liversidge Institution of Industry is for boys only, and they must be natives of England or New England.

This institution is beautifully located on River Street, about half-way between Dorchester Lower Mills and Mattapan. It receives and trains poor and neglected boys from seven to fourteen years old. The founder of this wise charity was born in England, but spent nearly the whole of his life in Dorchester.

Gordon House, at Field's Corner, has been doing brave and helpful work among the children of both sexes for more than twelve years. It maintains classes in dressmaking, sewing, cane-seating, cobbling, singing, knitting, cooking, housekeeping, and drawing. It has a station of the stamp-saving society. It has several clubs, and it also furnishes some lectures and entertainments for adults. As a civilizing agency, its influence has been marked.

One of the institutions which especially touched the heart of Phillips Brooks and enlisted his active support is the Home for Incurables on Dorchester Avenue, between Ashmont and the Lower Mills.

Men, women, and children who are afflicted with any incurable disease, except cancer, consumption, epilepsy, mental disorder, or contagious diseases, are received here and tenderly cared for. It is a genuine "home," in the best sense of the word; and one may see there, along with much suffering heroically borne, abundance of cheerfulness, often bubbling up into fun and laughter.

Institutions worthy of all praise are the Free Home for Consumptives on Quincy Street and the St. Mary's Infant Asylum and Lying-in Hospital on Cushing Avenue. Both are under Catholic control, but patients of all religious faiths are received.

The Convalescent Home on Dorchester Avenue is a branch of the Boston City Hospital, where women, girls, and young boys are received when recovering from acute diseases.

DORCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE inception of the Dorchester Historical Society is due to Mr. James H. Stark and the distinguished antiquarian, Mr. William H. Whitmore, the city registrar, who was its first president. The act of incorporation was granted by the legislature in the year 1891, for the purpose of collecting, preserving, and publishing information in regard to the history of that portion of the city of Boston which formerly constituted the town of Dorchester.

The society was organized at a meeting called by a majority of the applicants for the act of incorporation, in Blake Hall, Field's Corner, Dorchester, on the 10th of April, 1893.

At a regular meeting, May 1, 1893, a code of by-laws was adopted, and the society was fully organized by the choice of William H. Whitmore as president, Willis B. Mendum as secretary, John J. May, James H. Stark, Elbridge Smith, Thomas W. Bicknell, Herbert M. Manks, D. Chauncey Brewer, directors.

It was voted at the meeting that women should be admitted to membership upon the same terms as men.

April 11, 1894, the society celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Edward Everett by a public meeting in Winthrop Hall. There was an oration by Dr. James De Normandie, followed by remarks from James H. Stark, Rev. W. E. C. Smith, and others. The details of the celebration were published by the city in a handsome volume for distribution among those interested.

Oct. 25, 1895, efforts which the society had been making for some time previous for the preservation of the "old Blake house," built in 1650, were successful.

When it came into the hands of the Dorchester Historical Society, it stood upon land just purchased by the city adjoining the municipal conservatory, and would have been torn down but for our interposition. Dr. Clarence J. Blake, the distinguished aurist, as descendant in the ninth generation of the original owner of the structure, with his father, the late John H. Blake, and other relatives, pledged themselves to contribute upward of twelve hundred dollars, when the work of removal to its present site should be undertaken. Further liberal contributions from public-spirited friends of the society were pledged.

The work of removal and restoration was immediately undertaken, and carried to completion under the direction of Mr. Charles Hodgdon, architect, and by the following spring the work was finished and the house occupied by the society. The house is in charge of a custodian, and is open to the public every Monday afternoon.

The present board of officers is as follows: president, John J. May; secretary and treasurer, Charles Hodgdon; directors, John J. May, James H. Stark, George C. Burgess, Edwin T. Horne, D. Chauncey Brewer, Colonel Henry W. Wilson. The society has had many exceedingly interesting papers prepared and read by its members, some of deep research.

The late Willis B. Mendum established the fact that the first town meeting was held in Dorchester, and the first free school supported by public taxation was established here.

The society, through one of its members, the distinguished engineer, Colonel Henry W. Wilson, is at work on a map of ancient Dorchester, showing the original grantees,—a work which will be of rare value to antiquarians and all persons interested in genealogy.

It will thus be seen the Dorchester Historical Society is a vital force in the community, and affords a practical opportunity for those who desire to promote an historical interest in the very sources of our country's life.

CHARLES HODGDON.

NEW DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DORCHESTER SEAL.

IN the "Town Records" there appears a report of the committee chosen by the town in April, 1865, "to procure a seal suitable as a corporate seal of the town of Dorchester." From this report a thorough interpretation of the shield may be derived: —

The early settlers of Dorchester organized themselves as a church at the New Hospital in Plymouth, England, in March of 1630, prior to their embarkation for this country, which act was pre-eminently the corner-stone of the foundation of this town, although they did not arrive here until early in June of that year.

This fact is expressed upon the shield by the rude thatch-roofed church which appears, without a chimney, in the dexter base of the escutcheon.

The free school, the system of which has been exerting a beneficial influence over the whole country, was established in this town in 1639, and is said to be the very first free school in the world. The foundation of this institution is recognized on the shield by the humble, thatched-roof building in the lower part of the shield a little in the rear of the church.

With the liberty, and by grant of land and timber by the town in 1633, Israel Stoughton was induced to build a corn-mill upon Neponset River, which was the first water mill in the colony, if not in the country. This fact is symbolically noted by the rude mill, with its large wheel, which is seen upon the left bank of Neponset River, the course of which river, from its source to its mouth, lay through the ancient territory of Dorchester.

"In the background will be recognized the Blue Hills, which served as a landmark to pilot the early settlers to the mouth of Charles River, and from behind which the rising sun is shining upon a colony who left their homes in the mother country, not as adventurers in search of gold, as exiles, or for conquest, but for the more precious boon of religious liberty. The triple-towered castle surmounting the shield is adopted in respectful memory of Dorchester in old England, of whose seal this is the principal charge (in commemoration of that borough having been formerly a Roman fortress), and from which place the infant colony derived much of its strength, both physically and spiritually. The motto upon the ribbon, 'Pietate, Literis, Industria,' signifies that piety, learning, and industry were the prominent virtues which the early settlers coveted, and which their descendants unanimously accord to them."

EDITORIAL.

OUR pleasant task is finished. Here we rest, and return thanks. To the contributors whose names appear with these articles; to members of the Local History Class of the Dorchester Woman's Club, and especially to Mrs. Eleanor Hoskins Waitt, for valuable material placed at the disposal of the editor; to William B. Trask, J. Grafton Minot, H. W. Warren, E. A. Huebener, Miss C. F. Jacobs, W. B. Everett, Walter Cutter, and Parker B. Field, for the loan of many interesting photographs and paintings here reproduced; to Miss May Caldwell, for many charming sketches; to Edward W. McGlenen, McHenry Robinson, Edgar I. Evans, and George A. Clough, for faithful service with the camera in behalf of this book; to all the good friends who have advertised in these pages; and last, but not least heartily, to Mrs. Mary C. C. Robinson, without whose invincible industry, energy, and courage this book would not have been,—to all these and many others who have helped,—the Women's Alliance of Christ Church offers heartfelt thanks.

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